THE MASTER QUEST

WILL SCRANTON WOODHULL

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The Master Quest

BY
WILL SCRANTON WOODHULL

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"Then Galahad on a sudden, and in a voice
Shrilling along the hall to Arthur, called:
'But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail,
I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry—
O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me!' "

I

THE QUEST

MAN is ever questing greatness. He vigorously protests against being insignificant. His distinctive phrase is, "More and more." He seeks always to extend the field of his knowledge, to enlarge the sweep of his experience; he digs laboriously after fundamental principles; he clambers dizzily among the mysteries. Like the sturdy Livingstone, he hears the unceasing call of the regions beyond. He is ready to go anywhere so long as it be forward.

He is the eternal builder, the everlasting doer of deeds. The place of nothing to do is his deepest hell, and ennui is the keenest torture thereof. In the breathless strain of the race, in the surging tug of the wrestling, in the tang of achievement, he finds his heaven. The crown of laurel or of gold is merely incidental. "The Explorer" was entirely willing that others should have the credit for what he did; he devoutly thanked God that his was the privilege of fighting his

way across the snowy pass and through the burning desert until he found the "Something lost behind the ranges."

The ambitions of a man reach far. The very universe is circumscribed by the limits of his quest. He will not rest content so long as there is one corner unsearched, one landscape unseen, one rocky rampart unscaled. He rejoices because his universe is so vast that its horizons lie beyond his farthest vision. He is glad because it bristles thick with unanswered questions. A little, elementary world would seem to him abominable. He would accomplish countless tasks, enter into innumerable relations, exhaust his possibilities. Man's insistent, imperious demand is for life dimensions.

Most immediate in this quest for greatness is his longing for length of years. No man has time enough. His purposes far outrun his days. He is always making beginnings that can never in the longest earthly span be brought to completions. All that he learns or attempts is rudimentary and assumes infinite time for development. His instinctive outlook dwarfs the centuries into infinitesi-

mals. So vast and so certain is his apprehension of life that he cannot prepare for death, or even expect it. He girds himself for an eternal race.

There is a moral urgency in this demand for an extended term of life. Man's instinct of justice requires it. He who says that each receives reward for his good and his evil in this life manifests a very shallow psychology. His word directly contradicts one of the deepest intuitions of the race. For men look forward to a time when their virtues unrecompensed upon earth will be suitably rewarded, and they tremble lest their sins shall finally find them out.

This moral expectation is wrought into the racial consciousness. Every heathen sacrifice is an effort to compound with justice, to placate an offended god. Perchance, Nemesis may be bribed. The Buddhist, although he blunders terribly in his estimate of moral values, is compelled by this deep intuition to formulate for his saints and sinners ascending and descending series in the rebirth of souls. The interest of the Hebrews in a future life is strangely inert, but this sense of the moral

inadequacy of time compelled them to place the fuller consequences of their good and of their evil deeds in the lives of their children. "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children." In like manner, the worthiness of the parent may bring blessing to the unworthy son. "Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

The towering prophet, Isaiah, caught from his outlook some glimpse of the reaches of the individual life, but, in his farthest distance, he can see only the outworking of this same principle. In his taunt-song against the ruler of Babylon, he makes the dwellers in the hollow realm cry out to the descending shade,

> "Thou, too, made flaccid like us,
> To us hast been leveled;
> Hurled to Sheol is the pride of thee;
> Clang of the harps of thee;
> Under thee strewn are the maggots,
> Thy coverlet, worms."

All our worthier literature is permeated with the conviction of unerring moral judgments. Even where the evildoer triumphs and the worthy suffers to the end of the tale,

there are subtle but convincing intimations that somewhere and somehow the scale will be balanced, that it is finally better to be good than to be evil. Sometimes the argument for a future justice is strengthened by present judgment. Shakespeare, seer of souls and prophet of destinies, makes Macbeth in his remarkable soliloquy cry out as he contemplates the murder of his king, his guest, his kinsman, the good Duncan, "We'd jump the world to come." Yet this utter man of the world could not escape the certainty of the even-handed justice of God.

"But in these cases
We still have judgment here; . . .
This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips."

One great, out-thrusting message of the play hangs on Macbeth's carelessness concerning what lay beyond death. "Very well," saith God to the challenging Scot, "we will jump the world to come. But you must know in your own heart what I will prove in your life that still justice will be done." Shakespeare would say punishment for men

and reward in full measure lie beyond the grave, but, even if one could escape that life and its final judgment, let him never think that he can thus evade just retribution for his sins. The earthly punishment of Macbeth, the exception, serves to emphasize the deep faith that somewhere Duncan, the good murdered king, must receive his reward.

Having this deep intuition and knowing the incomplete execution of justice in this life, we are ready to agree with the Book when it declares that "All that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Man is sure that his quest for time enough for the doing of perfect justice will not be disappointed.

At the command of love men write immortality into their definition of life. Even if they must hold this faith with trembling hands, yet they cling to it. Not all his platform assurance can keep the eloquent scoffer, caught in the midnight of his sorrow, from crying with uplifted eyes, "Hope sees a star and listening love catches the rustle of a

wing." And Shelley, the lark-souled pantheist, in his heart-break, lifts up his eyes to the innumerable shining of the separate stars. In his tenderest of elegies for the passing of the boy, Keats, he makes him in one line a part of universal nature:

> "He is a portion of that loveliness,
> Which once he made more lovely."

But such a philosophy of endless loss will not satisfy his pleading love for the boy with the nightingale gift. So the mourner lifts his eyes and with truer poet vision finds his own again, not scattered to the bounds of the universe, but compact in the same sweet harmony he knew before the "jealous waters wrought their will."

> "Burning through the inmost veil of Heaven
> The soul of Adonais, like a star,
> Beacons from the abode where the eternal are."

When love and loss lift their voices together, scoffing turns away in shame and doubt is silent. The longing for

> ". . . the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still"

tunes the soul till it can catch the exquisite music of those happy matins that ring in triumph after the last vespers have been sung in tears. The night cometh, the night cometh—and also the morning. And, in that morning and only then, the quest for length of days will be satisfied.

When we turn to his demand for the second dimension, breadth of life, we are brought face to face with a strange contradiction between man's situation and his ambitions. He is born almost an isolated unit; all his life he struggles to come into innumerable relations. He is plunged into a world whose simplest sensations are vast surprises to his infant mind. The wonder in a babe's eyes may well be caused by the discovery that something other than itself really exists. But he makes it his business to extend the circle of his familiarity. Man finds himself in the grip of narrow circumstances that would make him a superlative provincial save that he refuses to be bound by them. Almost from the first he seeks to be cosmopolitan. Far lands and strange peoples lure him on and on. Incidentally, one of the hopeless

tragedies of our generation is its loss of great unexplored regions. None can ever know again the stinging joy of Cortez when

> "With eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surprise,
> Silent, upon a peak of Darien."

Geographically, man thinks in continents; astronomically, in constellations; scientifically, in boundless forces. In his eager quest for knowledge he ranges from the ultimate unit of matter to the first great Cause. He rebels against limits; horizons are to him nothing more than the nearest edges of what lies beyond.

John caught something of this love for room when he wrote of the city and the country of God. But he might have made his vision of heaven much more spacious. The Father's paradise must include the infinite meadows of heaven, and each separate star may be the home of a single soul. Nothing less ample than the ownership of a star in fee simple and the right to roam at will down

the smooth roads of the sky will satisfy the breadth of man's aspirations.

But so far in this matter of breadth only the lesser thing has been said. Some sage has declared that man must be greater than the universe, because he can think of its infinite complexity, while the whole universe cannot think at all of him. Which implies, beyond a doubt, that the breadth of a citizen of the universe is not equal to the latitude of life into which the friend of a man enters. In harmony with this truth is the fact that man imperatively cries out for the breadth of personal contacts. He quite agrees with the Almighty that "it is not good for man to dwell alone." He is terribly wronged if he be denied the song of his wife at evening time and the gleeful laughter of his children about his knees. He must be bound friend to friend with steel bands, the threads of his life must be woven into the web of the community, his patriotism must be linked into the chain mail of the nation. Otherwise, he will wither in the narrow cell of his own existence. Enoch Arden, shut in by ocean bars, and Silas Marner, imprisoned by his own sore heart, show

how bitterly destitute is the man who lives by himself. Indeed, civilization is nothing more than the habit of living together in cities. Only, if it be true civilization, and not some deadly counterfeit, they must be Cities of Good Will in which all lives are woven together in mutual helpfulness.

From which we may conclude that the fairest measure of this quest for life-breadth is a man's desire for brotherhood. The farther his intelligent sympathies extend, the more inclusive he makes his working definition of the old word "brother," the broader will he be in every part. Ralph Whittaker pictures the man who has climbed far toward such an ideal.

"My country is the world; I count
No son of man my foe,
Whether the warm life-currents mount
On mantled brow like snow;
Or red or yellow, brown or black,
The face that into mine looks back.

"My native land is mother earth,
And all men are my kin,
Whether of high or humble birth,
However steeped in sin;
And rich or poor or great or small,
I count them brothers, one and all.

"My party is all human kind,
My platform, brotherhood;
I hold all men of honest mind
Who work for common good
And for the hope that gleams afar
My comrades in this holy war.

"My country is the world;
I scorn no lesser love than mine,
But calmly wait that happy morn
When all shall see the sign;
And love of country, clique, and clan
Shall yield to love of man."

But length of years and breadth of sympathy will not content this eager man. He must have height of soul. Measurelessly more than Lowell's clod, he feels,

"A stir of might,
An instinct within that reaches and towers."

He is the inevitable worshiper. If he misses the spiritual conception, then he falls into that splendid absurdity pilloried by Isaiah, and trusts silent mouths to utter oracles and motionless arms to fend away his enemies. For he must worship either the idol in his temple or the One who sits on the circle of the heavens. Nowadays, the idol is wrought by mind instead of hands and called philosophy, or it is an attitude toward

life, shallow or material or stoical or agnostic. But it is no less their God who made it, for in it they trust and to it they are loyal. Underneath it all is the faculty of worship, dwarfed or atrophied, but real nevertheless.

Men are seeking God, but some of us are stereotyped in our apprehension of the ways in which they may feel after him. When it is said, "Behold, he prays," we are sure that here is one who is seeking the Most High. But we should also know that every one who talks seriously about the Initiatory Power is feeling along the hawsers of God's omnipotence. Whoever wrestles with the mysteries of the interwoven worlds is thinking after him some tiny fragments of God's omniscience. He who says, "I ought," is declaring allegiance to imperial conscience and is hearing the voice of the Infinite Judge. Socrates, who dared to speak calmly of the great adventure even while the hemlock wrought his death, must have caught some prophetic glimpse of the far-flung dawn that dried the tears of Mary in the Easter garden.

Everywhere, men are feeling after God if haply they might find him. Paul touched a

universal note and stirred his whole audience to a wondering hope when he pointed to an altar erected "To The Unknown God" and cried, "Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." When that statesman and thinker Daniel Webster was asked to name the greatest thought he had ever pondered, he immediately made reply, "The most staggering thought that ever entered my mind concerned my personal responsibility to Almighty God." Tennyson said to a companion one day, "God is with me on these downs as truly as you are." The missionary Crawford insists that it is never necessary to tell an African that there is a God. He knows it already and knows it well. Maeterlinck declares that in these days the insulation of our souls is becoming thin, and what is within us speaks out, less and less hindered by the grosser envelope. Men are are always trying to build towers to heaven.

Two men faced the intellectual difficulties that attend this quest for altitude of life. The difference between them lay in this: Alfred Tennyson sought and found the Divine Presence as he walked on the English

downs as did Enoch when he was God's companion on the Asian hill slopes. But Matthew Arnold, pure-hearted agnostic, walked alone. One day, when wearied of the quest, the lonely poet sang the lament of those who feel that they must content themselves on the lower levels.

"The sea of faith
Was once, too, at its full, and round earth's shores
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
The melancholy, long, withdrawing roar
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world."

Those who sing so sadly of the lost faith acknowledge that their quest had in it a longing to stand upon the heights where God is. The other poet sings the glad courage of him who will not on any terms surrender the quest whereof the length and the breadth and the height are equal.

"Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to faith beyond the forms of faith.
She reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of 'Yes' and 'No,'
She sees the Best that glimmers through the Worst,
She feels the Sun is hid but for the night,

She spies the summer through the winter bud,
She takes the fruit before the blossom falls,
She hears the lark within the songless egg,
She finds the fountain where they wail'd 'Mirage.' "

Men would be great in their completeness. They abhor being fractional, but, like David, they desire to walk in their integrity. In experience, in knowledge, in power, they must beat out the full music of their possibilities. They would be four-square men and tall, walking, sun-crowned, among the mysteries. This accomplishment is their Holy Grail and will lead them away from the foolish fears and the narrow outlooks and the low levels of a petty life up to the highlands of immortality and brotherhood and God. But let them not hope to see the rose-red beating of the cup unveiled unless first they choose to sit in the Siege Perilous, where men lose themselves to save themselves, and then steadily determine to dare all things until they come to the end of their quest.

II

LIFE AND THE BOOK

WITNESSES come thronging from every corner of the intellectual universe to say each his word for the essential truth of the Bible. Some come from the halls of history, some emerge from the caverns of archæology, some enter in stately fashion from that Field of the Cloth of Gold which we call literature, some appear from the stern court of ethics. All bear testimony of worth and of significance. But one witness offers evidence so conclusive, so practical, so ready to the test of every man, that the whole case might rest upon his word. He comes from the common roads of every day, and his only word is this: The Bible fits the needs of men and its music harmonizes with all the tones of life as men must live it. Be his music to-day loud or low, stern as justice or tender as gentle mercy, glad with trumpeting majors or sad with sobbing minors, every man will find that the messages of the Book, like great organ pipes, will give it a volume and a solemn beauty beyond any

power of his own poor, thin life. The Book must be true because it so marvelously suits life for the accomplishment of its obvious purpose, the bringing of men and nations to religious and ethical completeness. The Book reveals what life seeks; the Book promises what life demands; the Book commands what life requires; the Book and life are ever crying, one to the other, "Yea and Amen."

Man is the questioning animal. Other animals are satisfied if within their reach there is sufficient provision for food and drink and rest. But man, having these, must still whip all the streams of the universe with his hooked question mark. Much knowledge he finds elsewhere, but only the Book can satisfy his most instinctive, intense, and far-reaching inquiries. "What of this strange Somewhat outside myself too vast for definition?" The Bible makes answer: "In the beginning, God." The word dominates the whole Book until it looms into a Person so sublime that we uncover our heads in awe before him, so holy that we worship at his feet, so kind that we call him "Our Father."

The man asks, "What am I and how came I to be?" The Book makes reply: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." This august statement of the initial mingling of flesh and spirit leaves much of method unexplained, but is very wonderful in its revelation of fact and cause. Again he asks, "What is the voice that gives definition to the ideas of right and wrong and that makes such startling distinction between them?" "And God said, 'Thou shalt'—'Thou shalt not.'" Beside the naked simplicity and might of this utterance, all other explanations of the fundamental moral consciousness seem labored and inconclusive. Amidst his hopes and fears, man lifts up his voice in Job's question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" How appropriate to man is the answer and what a sublime prophecy it holds!—"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

In man's heart will be heard the stern word, "What is the supreme duty?" The Book is ready with the reply both in the old

law and in the new covenant, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul, and all thy mind. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. . . . On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Can any think of an ideal more perfectly centered at the heart of life and more inclusive in its outworking? Finally comes that very urgent cry from the one who realizes how far his halting life walks behind his winged ideals, "What shall I do to be saved from my guilt and from my bondage to sin?" The glad tidings are in the Book, and there alone. "In due time Christ died for the ungodly." "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

What can we call such a fountain of satisfying knowledge save "The Book"? By the depth and sweep of its message, by its blessed influence upon the thought and conscience of the man who knows it, by its transforming power in those nations that will observe its teachings, it justifies its title. Men are endlessly varied in their habitations, in their political and social environments, in

their training and ideals, in their heredity and in their possibilities, but to them all the Book comes with universal, age-long, satisfying message. It is not my Book or your Book; it belongs neither to the Hebrew culture nor to the Greek nor to the Anglo-Saxon. It is the world's Book and belongs to all ages.

Quite contrary to first appearance, there is really little of the ancient atmosphere of annals or folklore about the Bible. Essentially, it does not transport us on a magic carpet into *other worlds or to distant centuries.* It is intensely terrestrial and thoroughly modern. The Bible has been called a long picture gallery in which hang the portraits of men and the panorama of history all lighted by the constant presence of God. The artists are deep-seeing and eminently fair; no wart is painted out or softened into less disfigurement. The sturdy self-mastery and reverent magnanimity of David, the nation's hero, are no more prominent in his picture than are his slavery to a sudden passion and the cowardly meanness by which he would cover his adultery with murder.

But here is a very unique quality of the

Book. As we look at these pictures of men long dead and of nations whose glories are all written, we feel more and more insistently that here are our own portraits. Our lives and characters and the current history of our own people look back at us from the pages of this wonderful volume. We read the story of a man who walked the dusty roads of Palestine in the days of Christ, and behold! it is the tale of one who treads the streets of our own city in this year of our Lord. We study the chronicles of Israel and the statecraft of the prophets and discover the history of our native land. The Word of God is the very latest news. The successes and the failures, the hopes and the fears, the glory and the shame of the patriarchs and the prophets, of the apostles and the Pharisees, of Bartimæus and Pilate, belong to our own time and country and selves. This is because the vital facts of the Bible are basic in life, then and now, here and there and everywhere.

There is an unusual agreement between life and the Book in what each has to say about those very prominent matters, sin, atonement and faith. Other facts are held

important in both, but these are preeminent; other things are emphasized here and there, but these three stand forth everywhere. The black thread of sin, the scarlet thread of vicarious suffering, the blue thread of faith mingle with the white and the red and the gold of purity and love and glory in every pattern of the Book and of life.

Sin is a bitter and, often, a brutal fact. However we may insist that it is the necessary coordinate of a conscious free will, or that it is the inevitable by-product of an achieved holiness, or that it is the indispensable background against which the glory of the grace of God is magnified, the fact itself remains hateful to men and loathsome in the sight of God. And to our shame it is everywhere present.

The Book, from Genesis to Revelation, is permeated with it. It forms the dregs of many a brilliant life, the black background of many a fair picture. In its uncontrolled blaze, Cain slew his brother. In the first song of the Book, Lamech wails his dread of punishment for the killing of a young man. Before the Flood came, sin had spread through the world like a forest fire, leaving

only the ashes of nobility. Abraham, the father of the faithful, was stained with sin; Jacob must wrestle with an angel and be crippled before he can be freed from the meanness of his young manhood. Moses, leader of the chosen people, found himself shut out of the promised land by sin. The nation that was great enough of soul to be the channel through which God could flow into the world, in spite of prophets and punishments, sinned ever more and more. And because they were stiff-necked and proud and blinded by sin they at last knew not the day of visitation and slew the long-expected Anointed One.

The expression of sin is never absent from the biography and the letters and the history of the New Testament. It seems to find its culmination in the terrible vision and condemnations of the Isle of Patmos. Of these the most terrible is not the lake of fire, but that other quiet word of despair which reveals character and destiny so fixed in sin as to be forever beyond even God's power of redemption: "Let him that is filthy be filthy still."

We may blink the fact of sin, if we will, or

excuse it or call it by euphemistic names, but the Bible does not wink at it nor explain away its culpability nor disguise it in a drapery of words.

It is as mean as Jacob's lie to his blind father, as foolish as Belshazzar's drunkenness, as loathsome as Uzziah's leprosy, as treacherous as Judas's betrayal of his Master, as unnatural as Cain's murder of his brother, as heartless as Herod's slaughter of the innocents, as bitter as Saul's despair. Sin destroys like a forest fire, seizing upon grandeur and beauty and leaving behind only ashes and the blackness of desolation. And sin will destroy until the triumph of the Christ is complete and the kingdom of God is fully established upon the earth. This is the constant message of the Book.

But in these words about sin the Bible does not bring any new message. It merely holds the mirror before the face of the shamed world. The fact of sin is obvious. Every law on the statute books is an acknowledgment of sin; every police officer is a confession of sin. Our almshouses, our hospitals, our insane asylums crowded with the direct

or indirect tragedies of sin, cry without ceasing, "Have mercy upon us, O God, and blot out our transgressions." Our penitentiaries, our palaces of gilded vice, our luxurious plutocracy of the boulevard, our festering poverty of the alley, are damning proofs of social sins greater than those that drew the bitter mockery of Isaiah and the lightning of Amos. In spite of the gilding of its uniforms and the diabolic sublimity of its massive machinery, notwithstanding the sacrificial bravery in the trenches and the tender pity in hospitals filled with its bloody wreckage, war is wholesale murder, and makes the earth to reek with the stench of its slaughter.

So universal is sin that the man who would claim that he had never sinned would be greeted with laughter. We expect a certain sad distance between our ideals and our moral achievements. The reckless demands of the flesh, the dragging tentacles of custom, the aberrations of an unbalanced or wrongly centered life, so hinder our upward climb that we count it a notable victory for a man to will steadfastly the best he knows. Sin is so great a matter in our thought that, having once

touched it, the stain will cling to our hands. Shakespeare never painted the soul more truly than when he showed Lady Macbeth trying in bitterness of heart and without avail to cleanse her hands from the red spot of Duncan's blood. We are sure that our sins will find us out, either here or hereafter, transformed into judgments.

We do not believe the utterances of the Bible about sin because they are found upon the sacred pages, but, rather, we accept the Book because we find such words there. As we read them thoughtfully we leap to the sudden discovery that they are just what we expected to find in a Book making such claims of truth. Had all mention of sin been omitted, or had it and its consequences been minimized, then, straightway, we would have refused the Bible our confidence. But now we deeply believe because, in bitter, shamed acknowledgment of sin, the Book and life agree.

The second great emphasis in the Bible and in life falls on the atonement for sin through vicarious suffering. In the Book, against the black background of sin shines the crimson

agony and the golden glory of the cross. Calvary is the climax of the Scriptures, the dominating peak of all God's dealings with men. Sin puts the blackness of shame into the Book, and, if the cross were left out, every chapter would be hung with the crepe of despair. But with manifold reiteration the shedding of blood is set forth as the way of redemption, the cure of souls. The sacrifice that Abel offered, the altar that Abraham built, the solemn rites of the tabernacle, and the stately ceremonies of the temple set forth the heart of a vicarious atonement. The prophets emphasize the worth of sacrifices by rebuking those who would bring them to the altar in merely formal fashion, without true repentance and reformation. Isaiah, as a messenger of Jehovah, cried out, "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me—your hands are full of blood." Acceptable offerings defiled by the unclean hands that bore them to the altar, because of their deep symbolic sacredness, became all the more sacrilegious. The shame of their defilement was all the greater for the holy significance with which they were laden.

The shadow of the atoning cross deepens as we come to the gospel of Isaiah, where there is revealed a tragic night of suffering and shame and glory and hope all mingled. And all concerns the One who died for us.

"But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

From the moment that Simeon in the temple uttered those prophetic words to Mary, "And a sword shall pierce through thine own heart also," Calvary dominated the story of Jesus's life. The hurried flight into Egypt, the slaying of Bethlehem's babes, the fear of Joseph, the passing from quiet Nazareth to the banks of the Jordan, so typical of the turmoil into which he thus entered, the vigil in the Wilderness, where the Man put his feet deliberately into the way that had the cross at the end—all these lay under the shadow of Golgotha.

One quaint sentence from the pen of the

evangelist sings like a bowstring with the tenseness of the situation. Before the Master lay Jerusalem, where his enemies, goaded to fury by the uncompromising word he spoke, planned with implacable hatred and cunning strength to compass his death. He and his disciples well knew the danger, but "He set his face to go to Jerusalem." His biographer, not so much in the statement as in the phrasing, revealed all the allurement of the quiet hills of Nazareth, all the dread of the physical suffering and of the open ignominy abiding his entrance into the city, and told the matchless constancy that drew him on. Moreover, there appears plainly in the stress of that hour the moral necessity of the cross by which men should be reconciled to God.

In the brief biblical history of the church we find its faith gathered around the vicarious death as justified and glorified in the triumphant resurrection. The messengers of the new faith proclaimed everywhere the forgiveness of sins through the atoning death of Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ of God. The apostolic epistles in theologies, warnings, exhortations and encouragements, discover

the same cross continually lifted up as the visible sign of salvation. Evangelist and apostle of the New Covenant agree with patriarch and prophet of the Old Covenant in the measureless meaning and power of the vicarious atonement. The two Covenants are not separate in this their greatest message, for John the Baptist, the noblest of the older prophetic order and forerunner of the Christ, uttered the unifying word, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." The other John, after a long life of Christian experience, echoed the cry of the preacher of repentance, "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Men who accept the Book cannot refrain from singing,

> "In the cross of Christ I glory,
> Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
> All the light of sacred story
> Gathers round its head sublime."

The way of God's grace from the beginning of man's sin until the redemption never runs out of sight of "the green hill that stands without the city gate."

The agreement between the word of the

Book concerning the vicarious atonement and the general thought of men is not so obvious as in the matter of sin, but is none the less real and complete. In the interest of perfect fairness, the verdict must be rendered by two juries, the one Christian and the other non-Christian. What is the place of the atonement in the Christian consciousness, and what place is given to its fundamental elements in the common, unreligious thought of the world? If these verdicts agree, who can deny their correctness?

It is very evident that the answer made by Christian people in this matter will be more explicit and more authoritative. For if the most able judges of literature are literary people, and if the best judges of science are scientific men, and if the highest judges of music are musical folks, then, certainly, those who by aptitude and training and experience are religious will be most sure to express clear and accurate opinions about religious matters. It is no more than the simplest common sense to ask seriously of believers in Jesus Christ, "What do you think, how do you feel, what do you do about

the cross of Calvary and its august and lovable Burden?"

Ruskin has said concerning certain Greek fables that on the surface they are so intolerably false that it becomes necessary to look deeper for their treasure of truth. The tale was but a husk to be stripped off from the kernel of rich significance. But the intellectual response of the church to the story of Calvary is not the search for the lesson of a fable, but for the philosophy of a fact. Since Paul wrote his letter to the little church at Rome, an epistle deeper freighted and destined for a longer voyage than either writer or readers dreamed, Christian thinkers have been trying to set forth in the terms of their own generations an explanation of the death of Christ as something more significant than a martyrdom. They have called it *the atonement* that should bridge the chasm between a God of consuming holiness and yearning love and a man leprous with his sin. The unique fact itself has gripped the church without argument. Men do not use a microphone to hear thunder, nor a reading glass to see a sunset, nor a syllogism to discover their Sin-

Bearer. These, being such notable facts, thrust themselves upon the attention and ask, not proof, but explanation.

So theories of the atonement have been multiplied. Some are fantastic indeed. Some are monuments of genius. All show how impossible it is to spell out the thoughts of God in our meager alphabets. But each is significant in that it reveals the imperial compulsion of a fact driving the most profound thinkers to its explanation. From the day in which John, the stern prophet of repentance, said the word beyond his own understanding, "Behold, the Lamb of God," the intellect of the church has agreed in seeing in the cross the way of reconciliation.

The unstudied emotion is an even truer index of real thought than the formal utterance of opinions. The heart of the church in three impressive ways tells out its acceptance of a real atonement in the death of its Lord. The rite which is the vital center of Roman Catholic worship, which is given most reverence in Protestant ceremonies, which touches the heart of the church universal most profoundly, is the

Eucharist, that tender memorial of Jesus and full-hearted confession of faith in his atoning death.

The hymns, the prayers, the testimonies, and the devotional literature of the church are all dominated by the constant presence of the agony and the glory of the cross. And these express the common emotion of the brotherhood of Jesus's disciples. The Christian community has taken an ignominious instrument of criminal death and has transformed it in painting and sculpture and architecture and music and literature and honor into the symbol of all that is best in our ideals. Les Misérables, with its transfiguring grace, in literature; Rubens's "Descent from the Cross" in art; Handel's wonderful oratorio, the "Messiah," in music; the Gothic church with its nave and its transepts, in architecture; the Iron Cross of valor and the Red Cross of mercy, are only instances of the far-shining glory that Christ gave the world with his life on the bitter tree.

"I should hate the knife that murdered my friend," said a thoughtful pagan. "Why do you Christians love the cross?" "Because it

means to us," was the reply, "so much more than the murder of our Friend." Its hatefulness as the means of his death is lost in love and adoration as we see upon it the revelation of God's grace and of our salvation. The heart of the church exalts the cross because it cannot deny the atonement.

Nor is the will of the church behind its intellect and heart in its confession of this sturdy faith. The cross is the mighty dynamic of the Christian movement. "For the Man who died for us" is the rallying cry of the church. Paul felt it a privilege to enter into the fellowship of his sufferings; the martyr host counted themselves happy in dying for him; missionaries go forth to face ridicule and hatred and persecution and to besiege irresponsive hearts with long patience because they know they are following in his steps. The contagion of brotherhood, in which lies the only hope that the civilization of Christendom will last longer than that of Babylon or Egypt, flows from the "Inasmuch" that identifies the Master with the least of his brothers in need. He is but a novice in the study of Christian psychology

who does not know that the forceful center of all these movements lies in the revelation of redeeming love nailed on the cross and in the new life that blossoms on the hill of death. By this response of the Christian intellect, heart and will to the death of their Lord, his disciples are placing over against their acknowledgment of sin the equally accepted fact of the atonement.

However, consideration should be given to any possible aberration in the judgment of the church owing to predisposition of education or desire. Corroboration from the opinion of the unreligious makes the conclusion doubly sure. Not that they have given much thought to the doctrine as such, but they have thought about the essential elements of the atonement as wrought into their daily lives. And the value and necessity of these they recognize.

The scientific mind demands that every result shall be attributed to an adequate cause. If a man who has sinned through many years is to be drawn from beneath the sword of inexorable justice, if he is to be lifted from the quicksands of accumulated evil

forces and transformed from a doer and lover of wrong into a doer and lover of right, if he is to be enlarged into greatness of vision and purpose and achievement, somewhere in the process there must enter a power equal to the mighty consequence. If the sewage of vileness is to be drawn from the streets of society, if the swamps of human selfishness are to be drained, if the fallow ground of indifference to the common welfare is to be broken up into gardens of brotherhood, if the nations of the world are to become the kingdom of God, there must enter into the whole social movement a force of vast goodness and vitality. The measure of the result is beyond calculation; the magnitude of the cause can be no less.

The unfortunate end of a life as perfect, even, as that of Jesus would hardly meet this need. The fellowship of martyrs is exceeding wide. But if that death be a revelation of God's great love, if it be an infinite tragedy into which every man's sin is wrought and an altar of expiation for the guilt of each, if it be an inexhaustible fountain of cleansing for sin-stained souls, then it will become an

adequate cause for the far-reaching, profound, and mighty power of the glad tidings about salvation. If this be true, it will not seem strange that here the midnight of sinful despair is changed on a sudden into the dewy morning of purity and hope; that here a life mired in vice catches a strange word and, by the power in it, leaps and runs along the paths of righteousness; that here a common man sees a star and follows the gleam forever in the knightliness of Galahad. We expect such a power to expand on all sides into institutions of helpfulness and into ideals that might have saved the culture of Greece and the grandeur of Rome. We will think it no more than natural, in such a case, that Christ shall stamp his name upon the civilization in which his story is told and weave his personality into its very fabric. In its literature and in its laws, in its music and its painting, in its merchandising and its patriotism, in its industry and its idleness, in its houses of government and in the homes of its people, we will look for the name and the words and the spirit of the Crucified. And all this Jesus Christ from his sacrificial throne

on Calvary has done. Is it not, then, more than a martyrdom? Is it less than an adequate atonement?

But the atonement is more than an adequate cause. The Passion of our Lord is for others, and in that vicarious quality it comes very close to our common life. Unrewarded labor and suffering are wrought into the warp and woof of our most ordinary life. The men who sweat in the breath of molten metal, who toil in the dust-laden air where the spindles whirr and the looms rattle, who bear the hardship and dare the dangers of the clanging train, can never be repaid in money for the sacrifices they make for us nor for the benefits they confer upon us. Nor do they stand alone in their vicarious lives. Whatever is worth the doing costs labor and sacrifice, and we are all reapers in the fields of others.

All along the way the race has come are crosses upon which the blind generations have nailed their prophets. The teaching of every new truth, the gaining of every new liberty, the achievement of every greater ideal has been at the price of vicarious agony. Every worker must bear a burden not his own.

Every one who lives for a cause must forsake ease and accept contumely, if not persecution. The sins of the guilty fall in heavy consequences upon the innocent. Those who follow in Jesus' steps of service must bear daily crosses. The common life is full of vicarious suffering.

The strongest restraint from sin and the strongest incentive to well-doing lie in the vivid knowledge of this vicarious fact. If the certainty that his sin involves the innocent in suffering does not keep a man from sin, nothing will. If the knowledge that what he holds most precious in life was paid for by others in the coin of pain does not inspire him to righteousness, he is hopelessly dull of heart. If anything can finally win the world into discipleship unto its saving, it is some matchless deed of unselfish pain.

In what perfect harmony with the common ways of life is the vicarious death of Jesus! How natural is the gospel of Isaiah, "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and by his stripes we are healed." When such a vicarious deed

has in it the sublime content of Calvary's tragedy, it becomes irresistible in its winsome power over men who are accustomed to suffer one for another.

There is a third element in both the atonement and life that has bulked very large in these later, wiser years. Jesus saw, as we are beginning to see, the measureless worth and the supreme power of the individual. The greatest fact in the world is a man. All else is but so much raw material for his shaping, so many forces for his direction. He is the ultimate reason in the natural order, the highest peak in the revealed purposes of God. The dominant personalism of philosophy, the warm humanity of art, the conceded right of the humblest worker to live, the tender care of the permanently incompetent in philanthropy, the democratic emphasis in statecraft, the basic horror of war, hero-worship everywhere, bear convincing testimony to the royal privilege and the imperial authority of the individual.

Of two things about religion the thoughtful world is sure: whatever salvation comes to a

man must come to him as he stands alone; it must also come through the mediation of another. The whole infinitely varied world means nothing to us save as each interprets it into the terms of his own personality. Yet it would all be a Sahara of insignificance were it not that life is ever touching life. Enoch Arden's little ocean-girt kingdom was strong in shelter, burdened with plenty, adorned with beauty, but its shipwrecked ruler dwelt alone. He is typical of every man as he sat seeing nothing of the splendor of the day's march across the world, hearing nothing of the royal shouting of the league-long rollers on the sand, only seeking with a hunger that sharpened into madness for a sail.

"And glories of the broad belt of the world—
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice. . . .
But every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon the island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

Whatever this gorgeous pageant meant to Enoch Arden must be translated into terms of his own self; but, at the best, it did not mean enough to make life tolerable or sanity possible without "the kindly human face."

Is it not absolutely clear, then, that if men would see the ideal worthiness, they must find it expressed in a person; if they would see vividly the consequences of sin, they must see them made concrete in the life of a person; if they would find love and mercy, they must find them in a face that looks compassionately into their own; if there is any healing for the disease of their sin, any sufficient power for the reshaping of their characters into symmetry, that remedy and that dynamic must be found in a person great enough and near enough and loving enough to do the moral miracle? And such a Person is the stainless, strong, and compassionate Christ. There is an obvious agreement between the fact and the promised power of the atonement as revealed in the Book, on the one hand, and the acceptance of this way of salvation by the church and of its essential elements by the unreligious world on the other.

There is yet in this agreement the third fact of faith, which links the experience of sin and the fact of the atonement into a personal redemption. This fact, like the ether that brings to us the light of the sun, is the medium by which the glory of the Shining One enters into our lives. In it two elements, trust and loyalty, constantly react and the resultant is mighty to enrich and to accomplish.

The Bible is full of faith. That man's faith in God is everywhere revealed in the Book is saying what is trite. Perhaps it is not so clearly seen that the sacred pages also discover the profounder glow of God's faith in man. He has trusted men so much, and they have so often failed him, that the Bible might well be called the Book of God's Disappointments. Men frequently deceived become cynical and cease to believe in anyone. But God keeps right on trusting folks. He trusted Adam and was disappointed, but Enoch proved faithful. Abraham could be depended upon, though Jacob for many years was so unreliable that, when he became trustworthy, God changed his name. Moses

did very well in keeping faith, but the people he led proved foolishly and wickedly untrue. There is an honor-roll of prophets, but the record of the kings is, for the most part, a roll of dishonor. Under the weight of responsibility and opportunity they broke like weak staves. Even the greatest of them, in spite of high promise and much worthy achievement, fell into most grievous sin. John and Paul were true to the last, but Peter failed partly and Judas utterly. Jesus tried to hold the betrayer by the bonds of confidence. He called him to be one of the twelve. He made him treasurer of the company; he revealed his plans to him, brought him into the upper room and made known to him the garden of the agony. How bitter must have been the disappointment when Judas went out willfully and blindly into the night! And shame is ours when we remember how sadly numerous a company has walked in the footsteps of Iscariot. Yet, in spite of all, he trusts us still. "God remaineth faithful. He cannot deny himself." Faithful has he been to selfish Lot and deceitful Jacob and passion-ridden David and despairing

Saul and cowardly Peter and to generations of their like. And though these have failed him in part or altogether still he puts in men's hands matters that have in them the dimensions of eternity. Shall we not, then, call the record of all this faith in man the Book of God's Confidence?

Nor is this story of trust peculiar to the Bible. Wherever man touches the world the same tale is told in letters of life. Here stands the naked man unknowing and needy on the face of the wealthy earth. But God obviously expects him to discover for himself and to fashion for his need the riches beneath his feet. Ten thousand forces rush past the man along the clanging rails of law. God expects this man to be a self-taught engineer handling the reverse lever, opening and closing the throttle, and choosing the switches as he will. Universes of mystery crowd upon this thinking one. God challenges him to ask questions. But when he picks up the gauntlet and hurls out his Whats and his Whys, the Omniscient smiles with fatherly pride and makes reply: "Find out, my son, for yourself. You can do it." Through all

there is the mighty pressure of the moral imperative, "I ought." But when the man cries, "What ought I?" the Most Righteous lays on him the high trust of working out that problem for himself. Incidentally, since God is so agelessly patient in the whole moral process, we, who are so irritably in haste to bring to perfectness some moral particular the instant we get the vision, may well profit by the divine example. "But what of the commandments? What of the Revelation of man's duty?" Only this: seeing truth is quite as necessary as revealing truth. If the latter is God's part in the moral problem, the former as certainly belongs to man. That God should speak a word to men is wonderful, no doubt, but it is more marvelous that he should expect them to understand that Word. How vastly he trusts them!

But man is not content to be good. He must see God. This is axiomatic to those who know life at all. In the freshness of the morning, when we enthusiastically hammer out the day's purposes and in the cool of the evening, when we calmly measure the day's deeds, God walks in the gardens of life

and invites the souls of men. In the answers they make are hidden their destinies. But God will not drive them from the best of free choice into the miserable second best of compulsion. He will not forsake his confidence nor cease to expect the highest of men. His commandments are reasonings, his warnings are persuasions.

Enoch came and walked with God, and the gates of his soul were lifted up and the King of glory came sweeping in. Adam went and hid himself and fell upon the stony ways of a man who has despised his opportunity. Each ancient is but the van-leader of a long procession. However a man conceive the Divine, he is deeply conscious that his higher relations to his God are not of outer necessity but of inner choice. He is fundamentally free, for a genuine confidence rests in him.

But man's faith toward God receives an equal emphasis in the Book. Abraham, who believed God so that it was accounted unto him for righteousness, Elisha, who discovered to his fearful servant the surrounding chariots of the Almighty, Isaiah, who in the din of marching armies continually urged the king

to turn from Egypt and Assyria to Jehovah of Hosts, are but a few of those whose trust and loyalty emblazon Holy Writ with words and deeds that laid hold on the reality within the veil.

The Old Covenant never runs far from its central theme of faith and the New Covenant in Jesus Christ may well be called the Book of Faith. At the very gateway of the new life it reveals, stands the word of faith, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Faith is the Alpha in the knowledge of its truth: "While ye have the light, believe in the light, that ye may be children of light." The validity of all its promises depends upon a constant faith: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." When the Master looked far down the centuries the question that throbbed in his heart concerned faith: "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" The apostles in teaching and in life repeated and exemplified the word of the Master and, doubtless, the farewell of each of these brave men may be found in the

splendid valedictory of Paul, "I have kept the faith."

Nor is faith peculiar to religion or to the Bible. Never a farmer sows a seed, but he makes the act a confession of faith; never a smith hammers the glowing metal, but he manifests a trust in its stability and a loyalty to its laws; never an electrician closes a switch, but he reveals an abundant and unshaken faith in a vast power that he cannot even define. The natural scientist, holding, it may be, a bit of contempt for the mysteries of religion that must be accepted undemonstrated, builds his science upon the evidence of his own poor senses, the unproven uniformity of law and the incomprehensible relations of the outer fact to the inner thought he thinks by faith.

The confidence between merchant and customer, physician and patient, teacher and pupil, husband and wife, parent and child, friend and friend, suggests how large a place on the web of common life is given to the threads of faith. It might, indeed, be named the warp of life, for without it the whole social fabric would fall in pieces. Or

it might be called the silk with which the embroidery of life is wrought, for without it our days would be dull and barren beyond endurance. Both the strength and the beauty of life depend upon the constant interweaving of the threads of a common faith.

What blessings lie within the wider horizons of faith! If we trusted each other completely and were perfect in our mutual loyalty, this old, sad world would become of a sudden a very suburb of paradise. Strifes, military, industrial, and domestic, would cease. None would be enervated by vicious luxury and no one would be in want. Lives rich in talent would be freed from fetters of economic circumstances and would be given opportunity to blossom and bear fruit for the enrichment of the world. Mighty accomplishments would be possible when it was no longer necessary to guard against each other's selfishness, and when in complete security we could unite our strength for the larger deed. Disasters would come, for some are unavoidable, but, even in such case, the quick sympathy of all for those who are stricken would somewhat compensate

for any loss. Macaulay's dream of the past would become the blessed fact of the future:

> "And all men were like brothers
> In the brave days of old."

If any think the vision is too rosy, lying beyond the strength of our limping intellects, he will at least agree that with such a faith we would go far toward the goal, and ever farther, for the best helpmate the mind ever had is the willing heart. The way, the common unreligious way, out of blunders into truth, out of weakness into strength, out of sin into righteousness, is the path of faith. To trust our ideals and our friends and to be loyal to them, is to climb into the highlands of the larger vision and the truer life. In a sense quite apart from religion, men are saved by faith. And the faith of the Bible is simply this common faith glorified by the inclusion within its vital sweep of God, our Father, and Jesus Christ, our Elder Brother. And so the Book and life again agree.

Sin, Faith, and Atonement, the three great words of the Bible, are dominant in life. Nor need the reason be far sought. The glorious

presence of God in the Book does not in any sense crowd out the equal presence of man. It is the Book of Man as truly as it is the Book of God, for there God and man meet. Common life flows through the Book around the feet of God, and from the Book surge out into life the tides of the Most High. And it is ever true that God is initially present in life. The singer of Israel declares that neither desert nor death can give a hiding place from him, for wherever he might turn "Behold, he is there." Coming close to Nature is drawing near to God. How sweetly Longfellow sings of the simple-minded Agassiz!

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a storybook
Thy Father hath written for thee.'

" 'Come wander with me!' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.' "

In the Book and in the Manuscript the same great words are emphasized, but with this difference: in life we see these massive facts confusedly, dimly, distorted by the

aberration of self-interest. In the Bible they are lifted out of the dust of every day into a place of clear quiet. There, if we will, we can see them somewhat clearly as God measures and relates them. So the Word of God interprets life and defines and enforces its words.

It is true that in their measure of the great words of which we have been thinking the Book and life agree. But it is more profoundly true that these two are identical. For God is as present in the events of to-day as when he spoke to Moses in the bush; he is speaking through men to-day as prophetic in their mission as was Amos; his voice is ringing in the endlessly varied tones of modern life; God crowds upon us. If we will open any door of faith, behold, the King of Glory will come in and cast out sin through the atonement of the Crucified One. So this threefold agreement will become concrete in each life.

III

THE MIRACULOUS PERSON

Above all, Christianity is the religion of a Person. Sometimes we forget this most obvious fact and come to think it consists of Articles of Religion, of Longer or Shorter Catechisms, of Confessions of Faith and proceedings of councils. It is true that certain accepted doctrines distinguish Christian believers. Without theological convictions the religion of Jesus would be either a mass of sentimentalism or an icy system of ethics. But back of its theology always stands the experience out of which the creed comes. The creed, indeed, is little more than the symbol of the experience. And neither the creeds nor the experiences are without vital relation to Jesus Christ.

If we cast out our notion that the New Testament is a book of formal science and perceive that it is a far more wonderful thing—a clinic of souls with Jesus as the Chief Surgeon—we will find abundant proof of this general statement. John the Baptist,

with his heart made sensitive to the shining of God by long years of solitary, prayer-filled meditation and burdened to the ground with the bitter, useless tragedy of the world's sin, stood in the presence of Jesus. He was hungry for righteousness and sadly conscious that penitence alone could not loose the load. But when he looked into the luminous eyes of "The one who should come after him," his responsive soul flashed into an experience that could be expressed only in his "Creed of the Sinless Man." "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" Then, when his clear perception was enlarged by the vision of the descending dove, for so God bent to John's humanity, he saw in Jesus the way out of the great tragedy and proclaimed his second creed, that of "The Sin-bearing Saviour": "Behold, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

What a marvelous day it was that Andrew spent with his new friend, Jesus! We wonder why the conversation of those hours was not recorded. Possibly, because it outspanned Andrew's simple vocabulary. Probably, because the words of the Man that day were of small

importance in themselves. What gave the day its transcendence was Jesus himself. He pushed his way into the fisherman's narrow life and, being so great, he burst its shell. That is one of Jesus's habits. But it was a vast day, for out of its experience came forth that creed so significant to the long-expecting Jew, the word Andrew shouted through the gathering twilight to Simon, "We have found the Messiah! We have found the Messiah!"

The next day Philip walked awhile with Jesus, and from such a brief companionship came his declaration of faith confessed before Nathanael, "We have found him, of whom Moses . . . did write, Jesus of Nazareth." When Nathanael demurred a bit, being skeptical, Philip, wiser than many argumentative preacher-folk, only said, "Come and see." He knew real creeds come only from seeing. So the doubting but fair-minded Israelite came and saw. Before the Man from the village of no repute had uttered three sentences this new disciple forgot the commonplace glare of the day in the blaze of his sudden doctrine of the Christ—"Thou

art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel."

The woman of Samaria talked with the Master at the well with waxing eagerness until, with deft touch, he uncovered her guilty past and her sinful present. Then, forgetting both her water jar and the Stranger's thirst, she hastened to the village and wrought her experience and her new faith into a dozen words: "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" So Peter in his moment of illumination, and the centurion in his hour of fear at the foot of the cross, and Paul in his time of vision on the Damascus road, all found their creeds in their contacts with the Master. Fundamentally, the Christian doctrines of the New Testament were born of the Christian experiences of the first disciples.

Since we are of a generation some twenty centuries later we may think that our experiences come from our creeds, that we find what our traditions teach us to expect. In some measure we are right. Our dogmas are maps and guidebooks indicating what we

may look for in our journey. They are suggestive outlines, but hopelessly mechanical until they become vivid and vital through the seizure of our own experience. Angelo's "David," in its perfect grace, can hardly be compared with the living, ruddy shepherd lad of Bethlehem. A creed must live to be real.

From childhood we may hold without question the doctrine of Jesus' sinlessness. He is one among many, for children are not apt fault-finders. But there came a time when this indiscriminate hero-worship was sadly broken down in the revelation of our great ones' faults. We were ready to cry in bitterness of soul, "There is none righteous, there is none that doeth good, no, not one." But when we turn anxiously to Jesus, we find that our severest moral expectations are not disappointed in his perfect symmetry. There is nothing about his life or in his character for which we must apologize. In the hour of our disappointment in all others, the doctrine of the Crystal Christ was born into a newness of life.

In the same vague fashion we believed that Jesus is the Lamb of God taking away the sin

of the world. But we were not greatly concerned about the matter. Then, in some hour of divine illumination, we really saw ourselves warped with prejudice, seamed with faults, and stained with sin—guilty under the sword of implacable law. We despaired of any saving virtue of our own and reached out desperate hands of trust to the Sin-bearer. Only then, as we received the almost incredible assurance that our sins were forgiven, did we discover our Calvary Creed, so dull and gray before, suddenly vibrant and glorious with life.

For years we may have repeated unmeaningly the splendid word, "I believe Jesus is the Saviour from the power of sin." It was to us a bit of mechanical religion, its power latent. But some day into the midst of the mightiest moral struggle we ever knew, just when we seemed on the brink of defeat, in answer to our cry, he entered, and with him came to us a great and inexplicable triumph. On such a day that creed lived. Emmanuel became to us a word of vast significance, for God was in our battle, and we were conscious of his presence, One like unto a Son of man.

We received from the lips of our mothers the simple teaching that He is the Healer, the Prince of Peace. But only as we came to him in the hard places of life and learned his ways of living, did we find rest to our souls in vital truth. Thus we discovered that his yoke is easy and his burden is light. And in our Gethsemanes we found the tender Son of Mary to be the Healer of broken hearts. In our gardens of tears, by His grace, "Out of our stony griefs, Bethel we raise."

As in the old days all roads led to Rome, so always in far fuller measure every Christian creed leads through profound experiences to Christ. When the hand of the Person touches our groping needs, the dull traditions of our childhood flame into fervent life. He who studies Christianity apart from Christian experience may learn something of its anatomy, but will be unspeakably ignorant of its vital processes. He who tries to live this religion apart from its experiences with Christ will dwell in a valley of dry bones. Paul describes variously the normal life of the disciple. "For me to live is Christ." "I

can do all things through Christ." "Christ in you the hope of glory." "Nevertheless, I live; yet not I; Christ liveth in me." The foundation, the accomplishment, the hope, the fullness of the Christian is in Jesus Christ.

One of the most persistent errors that arise from the failure to fully emphasize this personal nature of our faith is the notion that Christianity is essentially a matter of conduct. We are apt to regard "Christian" and "good man" as terms of nearly identical content. Certainly, such goodness as is possible to a disciple is included in his discipleship; but only as a corollary, an incident consequent to the personal relation with the Christ. As he grows in his acquaintance with the Master he will be less and less consciously moral. No one can conceive into what richness of comradeship with him we shall come in the ages yet to be. But in that time our habits of righteousness will be so unchangeable and our characters so fixed in holiness by the presence of this Friend that mere right-doing will seem as elemental and automatic as the physical process of speech. Then the sins that so easily beset even the holiest will be as ab-

surdly impossible as the worst of vices or crimes now appear. The fellowship of Christ will be more wonderful than ever in its plain realizations and its mystic promises.

However, being still children, we need to remember that learning to talk was in its time a struggle and an achievement. The victory over the particular temptation, the elimination of the moral blunder, the growing appreciation of the higher ethics are of vast immediate importance. They are altogether too important to be thrown into confusion by shortsighted thinking. When we look far enough to see clearly, we will discover that in moral accomplishment there is a more excellent way. The foothills lie between us and the mountains, but we go by them, not over them; we outclimb them without ever setting foot on their rocky slopes. We are not out to climb foothills. The mountains are before us. As we stretch forward toward an intenser friendship with Jesus we pass above the elevation of our highest ethics without moral struggle and almost without notice. Our experiences with the Person of the Gospel on the intellectual side produce our creeds and,

on the practical side, our morality, but they themselves are beyond comparison greater than either right believing or right doing.

In this indirect way of lifting men into high moral achievement by his friendship Jesus is not departing from the ordinary human way. There are, of course, other than personal forces that make for righteousness. The hope of reward, terrestrial or celestial, is hardly worth the mention, because its base is mere selfishness and its results are superficial. The admiration for high nobility may stir some men to noble endeavor. But the magnetic fields of impersonal ideals are too circumscribed to include many of us in any adequate fashion. We look up and admire the stars, but the earth laughs at their distance and holds us fast. Emerson, indeed, sings,

> "When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
> The youth replies, 'I can.'"

But so few of us are Emersonian. We must have something more vivid and colorful than abstract duty to make us worthy. Even the poet admits in his couplet that the magnetism of Duty is a waning, not a waxing

force. He intimates that one of the tragedies of age is its loss of youthful idealism.

But the man whose ideals are thoroughly personalized will some day attain them. Abstractions may mean very little to us, but few can escape the grip of the persons who really enter our lives. The son who remembers that his mother is praying for him and trusting him and expecting great things of him is not apt to go far wrong. The husband who does not forget his wife's goodby kiss and the father who feels the clinging of baby arms around his neck are well armored against gross sins. A man's choice of friends is his choice of character. The determining factor in the tragedy of Macbeth's bloody career was the granite ambition of his wife. Jean Valjean found his redemption in the sudden friendship of the godly Bishop. It is not surprising, then, that the mighty personal magnetism of God revealed in Jesus Christ should redeem men from habits of willful sin and constantly lift them to higher levels of well-doing.

The dynamic reason for Christian ethics lies not in the worth of righteousness, but in the fact that the Master is in the highest

degree ethical. Out of our love for him is born our worthiness. Our moral choices are not abstractly but personally determined. His desire is our law, his character our ideal, his approbation our reward. The mightiest phrase in all the world is just this, "For his sake." It has drawn men out of the ditch of their sin; it has strengthened them in patient well-doing; it has persuaded them from all they held dear and has sent them to the ends of the earth through hardship and danger with joy; it has made martyrdom sweet to them. This imperial devotion to a Man has built churches, erected hospitals, established schools, opened continents, civilized savage tribes, freed races, and purified the civic life of nations. The words are continually true:

"I know of a land that is sunk in shame,
Of souls that stumble and tire.
I know of a Name, a Name, a Name
Will set that land on fire.
Its letters, coals, its syllables flame,
I know of a Name, a Name, a Name
Will set that land on fire."

For His sake Paul gave up friends, ambitions, the scholar's ease, and became as the offscouring of the earth; for His sake Luther

was ready to face the princes of state and church—"if every tile on the roofs of Worms were a grinning devil;" for His sake Livingstone crucified himself on that rude cross that he made with his toilsome journeys through swamp and forest and desert in savage Africa; for His sake Clara Barton carried the Red Cross of mercy into plague-smitten and war-ravaged places, and Frances Willard bore the white banner of temperance east and west throughout our land. If, some time in heaven, a trumpet-voiced angel were to ask the assembled host of those who have suffered much and wrought many things the reason for all their labor and sacrifice, the answer would come rolling back, "For His sake; because we love Him."

The relation between this personal acquaintance with God revealed most fully in Jesus Christ and our Christian creeds is crystallized in the word of an old and wise man. When asked why he believed the Bible, he responded, "Because I know the Author." The relation of that knowledge with conduct is expressed as succinctly in Charles Kingsley's reply to one who asked

him the reason for his strong, sweet life. He modestly replied, "I have a Friend." Mr. Drummond tells of a young woman who lived her short life in a tender glory of saintliness. After her death her friends discovered her secret, if such it was, in a slip of paper contained in a locket about her neck, a kind of blessed phylactery. On it were the words, "Whom having not seen, I love." That is a wonderful story of redemption that Masefield tells in his Everlasting Mercy. But the flaming heart of Saul Kane's conversion was Jesus; the glory of his experience was the White Christ; the hope of his future was in the strong hands of the Divine Plowman. The Quaker woman coming at the moment of his utter disgust with the life he lived brought him face to face with his greater sin.

" 'Saul Kane,' she said, 'when next you drink,
Do me the gentleness to think
That every drop of Drink accursed
Makes Christ within you die of thirst;
That every dirty word you say
Is one more flint upon his way,
Another thorn about his head,
Another mock by where he tread;
Another nail, another cross,
All that you are is that Christ's loss.' "

But the sinner heard the voice and knew the joy "Of some one coming home to-night." He entered into a Christian experience.

"I knew that Christ had given me birth
To brother all the souls of earth.

"O glory of the lighted mind,
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind!
The station brook to my new eyes,
Was babbling out of paradise,
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing, 'Christ is risen again!' "

"O Christ, who holds the open gate,
O Christ, who drives the furrow straight,
O Christ, the plow, O Christ, the laughter
Of holy white birds following after,
Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
And thou wilt bring the young green corn,
The corn that makes the holy bread
By which the soul of man is fed,
The holy bread, the food unpriced,
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ."

Christianity is the religion of a Person and the Person is a miracle. That is to say, he is unique in character and in life. He can be compared with other men only in part. He possesses a certain lofty quality that has no human similitude. He is inexplicable. The most thorough analysis leaves him a

sublime mystery. Beyond our farthest certainty lies the inexhaustible question concerning him. Jesus imperatively suggests God. In him there is nothing incongruous with our highest estimate of the Divine. If God were to express himself in human form to-day, we could not imagine that God-man different from Jesus. The burden of proof is upon those who assert the Galilæan's exclusive humanity.

If one think superficially, he will turn for proof of the Master's miraculous nature to the virgin birth, to his deeds of healing, to his resurrection. But to profound thought all these become merely incidental to the greater miracle of himself. He gives credibility to the other wonders recorded, not they to him. Human heredity does not seem causally adequate to account for this Person. He is so different from all other men that it is difficult to believe that he entered the arena of life in just the same fashion. It is easier to hold that the Divine must have touched him uniquely. It is an incongruity to think that one so perfect, even in his humanity, as Jesus, would be as powerless

among the natural forces as the primitive generation of his day. To imagine that such a Lord of Life could be held by death is almost an impossibility. Admit him, and his deeds of mastership follow as a matter of course. A thoughtful man has suggested the necessary value of wonder and lamented the fate of him whose exact science has supplanted his gift of marveling. He may rest content. We will never cease wondering at Jesus.

Jesus is so many-sided that the ages will be run before we have uncovered the last facet of his character with its individual gleam of glory. But we may measure him in our rough and partial human way as we do a circumference by fixing three points. Other phases of his character and life might be chosen and would, doubtless, lead to the same result. But these are based so securely in the common knowledge of to-day that they need no scaffolding of certified records to sustain them. And each of them ends in miraculous implications in the Person, Jesus Christ.

The claims made by the Master may well

stand first in this measurement. That the Jesus of the evangelists is historical seems obvious. It is far easier to believe that the composite picture painted by the four is from life than to hold that such superlative genius could rise in that age, give the world this one Character matchless in all literature and pass, leaving behind no further trace of its greatness. Further, it is impossible for these estimates of himself, some spoken by his own lips, others uttered undenied in his presence, and still others involved in his deeds or his manner of speech, to be separated from the sober tenor of the story as interpolations or bits of fervid rhetoric without mutilation of the record beyond literary credence.

John the Baptist said of him without rebuke, "Behold, the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Conscious of how sin and guilt cling to the individual, we may well cry, "Who is this that cometh from Galilee to bear the sins of men?" Nathanael, Israelite without guile, confessed his faith, "Thou art the Son of God," and heard no denial. To the Samaritan woman

he said plainly, "I am the Christ." When Peter made the same declaration in his presence he declared that the impulsive disciple had perceived the truth through a divine illumination.

Jesus invited the whole weary and heavy-laden caravan of men to come to him for rest and to learn the way of peace from him. He declared that he was the Vine from which all his followers should derive their growth, their fruitage, their life. He taught that real life lay in an intense comradeship with him, as though one were to eat his flesh. He sent forth his apostles with the commission to proclaim his teachings to every creature and to induct all who believed into the faith with a threefold baptism in which his own name was to be coupled with that of the infinite God. And he promised that his abiding presence should be with them to the end of the age. He insisted that he was greater than Solomon; he rescinded the laws of Moses; he challenged the world to convict him of sin; he called upon men to honor him as they honor the Father; he asserted that before him should all nations be judged on the basis of

the treatment of those who stood in his place; as the ultimate felicity of those who proved worthy, he offered participation in his presence and joy. These are only suggestive instances of the spirit that characterized his whole life as recorded. That a man with the ethical appreciation of Jesus should reveal such immeasurable egotism is passing strange, even incredible, unless, indeed, it be a divine egotism.

But the real miracle lies in the fact that the keen-minded, blunt world has not continually branded him as the most preposterously conceited of all impostors ever born. Sensual Pilate and the hypocritical Pharisees and the bawling mob did condemn him, but the men who gave that age its glory in its world-mastering religious and ethical literature believed in him. Since then the same verdict has been rendered over and over. That group which has far and away the longest list of names made glorious by large unselfishness; that, as a whole, is cleaner and nobler and intellectually keener than any other; that, because of its ideals and moral achievements, is expected to be in all particulars worthier

than the rest, the Christian men of the world, accept these claims with hardly a question as belonging by right to Jesus.

Even many thinkers who hold him but one teacher among many, denying these boldly unique assertions of power, insist most emphatically that he was a good man. Hear Renan, who may speak for the rest: "Whatever surprises the future may hold, Jesus will never be surpassed." But such an admission is a confession of disorganized logic, an absurd contradiction in terms. We may argue that Jesus was a most egotistical fool, or an irreverent impostor, or the Miraculous Man. But no real thinker can hold him to be at the same time a humble, wise man and a conceited fool, a true man and a cheat. These high self-estimates belong to Jesus and are wrought into the world's conception of him whether as a man in history or as a character in fiction. He has impressed men as being so profoundly royal that these more than imperial assertions of authority and power seem eminently fitting. In the world's acceptance of him and his claims lies the greater miracle.

In his plan for winning the world we find the second implication of the miraculous in Jesus. Now, with twenty centuries of success wrought out, with a great institution devoted to him, with a dominant civilization named after him, it is easy to say that his method was the wisest. But he made it wise; with another it would have been an abject failure. Had we been with him when he walked the gray, winding roads of the land since called holy because his footprints were in its dust, we would have declared his plans a wild way of committing suicide. Not lacking Thomas's devotion, we would have said with the doubter, "Let us also go, that we may die with him."

His way was hopelessly antagonistic to the very ones whom he sought to win. His approach to every class seemed deliberately chosen to arouse their most intense opposition. To scholars skilled in the intricacies of logic and able to breathe the thin air of abstractions, he must have seemed a very homespun preacher with his stories about farmers sowing seed, women baking bread, men catching fish, a run-away boy keeping swine,

some girls at a wedding. How could he expect wrestlers in profound philosophy to give heed to such simplicities. When the unlearned multitudes gathered about ready to follow him, he spoke of such deep mysteries that they cried, "These are too hard for us," and rose up and left him. To soldiers he preached the doctrine of kindness to one's enemies and of surrender of personal rights, and these in the bluntest terms. Yet he demanded of peaceful fishermen self-crucifixion. He did not hesitate to offend the sensitive Pharisees by eating with outcasts; he outraged the most intense feelings of the patriots of his day by choosing a taxgathering renegade as one of his immediate followers. When we get to heaven it will be a most interesting bit of news to learn how Simon, the zealot, got along with Matthew, the publican, the first few days of their companionship.

Since the people whom he would win had lost their national independence, their patriotism added to the deep glow of their religious faith. In fact, the two could hardly be said to be separate. They felt an intense reverence for Moses and large respect for those

who sat in Moses' seat. Their fear of God was so deep that they felt their lips unworthy even to utter his specific Name. His Sabbath, the most notable outward sign of their devotion, was exceedingly sacred. But this Carpenter-Prophet from a disreputable town condemned with scorching invective the scribes and the Pharisees, set his own word in opposition to that of Moses, announced the blasphemous heresy that the Sabbath was made for man and that he was Lord of the sacred day, declared that he was the Wonderful, the Messiah, even the Son of God. We can in no wise imagine the horror-stricken indignation crowded into that sentence of awful accusation, "He hath not only broken the Sabbath, but he hath made himself the Son of God." Did ever a man so surely invite complete failure?

His plans of conquest did not stop with the limits of his own ace. He would win the world. But he made none of the usual plans for such a vast campaign. He gathered no treasure, he trained no army, he organized no formal institution, he wrote no book. His method seems ludicrously ineffective for

world-conquest. He merely sent out a few unlettered disciples with the recollections of three years' associations with him, to repeat his strange and unacceptable teachings and to tell the disgrace of his crucifixion and the incredible tale of his resurrection. The ancient Roman graphito showing a crucified ass with the inscription, "Alexander's God," not only immortalizes the name of that early Christian, but illustrates the normal reaction of Jesus's plan. Thrust out against the Greek pride of learning, the Roman lust of power, the Jewish intensity of religion, the world's sin and self-love, how could such a plan succeed?

But here is the miracle. It is succeeding. Throughout the world, wherever this gospel is proclaimed, men of all sorts and classes and races are won by the Man. Nor is this devotion nominal, superficial, selfish. It is genuine, profound, sacrificial. They are enthusiasts in the primitive meaning of the word. They are God-possessed men. Paul puts the fact into an illuminating sentence, "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

The heart of Christianity beats in Jesus.

Men are marvelously mastered by One who walked the gray ways of earth nearly twenty centuries ago. Opposers of this faith may pile mountains of explanation in attempting to account for this devotion. It remains a stubborn fact. The force of men cannot break it; the attrition of circumstances cannot wear it down; the persuasion of passion and pride cannot seduce it. The men who forsake the faith lose the warmth of their devotion first. Our judgment of the plan is not at fault. By itself it would have been an insignificant failure. Plus Jesus, it abounds in power and accomplishment. Made vital in him, the unfittest plan not only wins but becomes obviously the only one that could win. Can we call him who brings such mighty reenforcement that the poorest method becomes the only best, anything less than The Miraculous Person?

The third point we discover in examining this miracle of personality is the impact Jesus makes upon the world. His sayings impress all who think with their sublime wisdom and power. They are like the stars. The child is glad for them; the

unlettered man is stirred by a beauty and strength in them that he cannot tell; the philosopher wonders before their vast meanings; the worshiper sees the glory of God in them. It was eminently fitting that a star should lead the way to Him who was to scatter his starry words over the wide firmament of life.

The inclusions of Jesus's teachings are boundless, but the teachings themselves are succinct, girded as though to run a race. And they are running far through the centuries and around the earth. They are compact, crowded into a short sermon, a slender group of stories and a few score sayings. But they are measurelessly dynamic. Numberless sermons are preached, and books without counting are written expanding and applying single sentences of the Master Teacher. He gave to men a wealth of painting and poetry and song when he uttered in his carpenter-simplicity those words about the one lamb and the ninety and nine, the wise girls and the foolish at a wedding, the good shepherd who knows his sheep. As the creative words of God grew into worlds, so

these redemptive words of Jesus have expanded into customs and ideals, laws and liberties, far-reaching movements and complex institutions.

Briefly, these other inexplicable qualities appear in his messages to men. The genius of other sages is national. Socrates was essentially a Greek; Marcus Aurelius, a Roman; Isaiah, a Jew. But Jesus breaks the bonds of Jewish provincialism and speaks to the race. The Greek gracefulness, the Roman thrill of power, the sprightliness of the French, the accuracy and broad inclusiveness of the German, the forthright simplicity of the Anglo-Saxon, all are found in the spacious, simple words of the Master. Other men utter a proverb now and again that runs far, but Jesus's least word is wholly unfettered. He is the world's Teacher.

Further, these words of his are timeless. Much ancient good becomes uncouth, but the teachings of Jesus never seem antiquated. No changed condition of men finds his message unprepared. No new alignment of human forces fails to find in his word its clear definition and right direction. His speech is

always vital with the spirit of the age. What he said so simply to the common people of the first century contains the latest practical philosophy, urges on the most advanced reformation, suggests the newest and highest ideals. His utterances do not shift to meet the changing facts; they need no unscrupulous manipulation. But as "knowledge grows from more to more" we enter into an enlarging perception of the age-long truth he put into them at the beginning.

Again, Jesus's words have a strange way of getting into the hearts of men. Other philosophers convince men into a belief. The Teacher of Galilee persuades them into a deed. Other ethical pronouncements men read coolly, commend heartily, neglect utterly. But about the ethics of Jesus there is a compulsion, a strange urgency, that drives one into obedience or away from the reading. The wayside Prophet, with only two swords in his whole company, speaks across the centuries with imperial authority.

In the doctrines of Jesus there is no inaccuracy of premises, no flaw of logic, no bit of excusable folly. In this he stands alone

among the world teachers. A widening horizon, a clearer insight, reveals in the messages of other thinkers certain incompletenesses, mistakes or absurdities due to aberrations peculiar to themselves or to their times. We wish that they might live again, if only long enough to revise their legacies of wisdom. But the teachings of Jesus need no revision. If he were to repeat his message, it would be the same; it would not be necessary to change a word. If we attempt to alter the content or to modernize the expression of his gospel, the change is for the worse. He is the Master in thought and in speech.

Any one of these unique teaching qualities by itself would be striking enough, but their perfect combination in Jesus lifts him far above his fellows and justifies his name, The Wonderful. No matter where we seek for a credible explanation of this world-wide, age-long, flawless, compelling message, we fail to find it until we are ready to hear the word of Nicodemus: "Thou art a teacher come from God." Nor can we rest on that conservative estimate, but with our growing knowledge

we go beyond to the bold confession of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

The most notable element in the impact that Jesus makes upon the world is his constant efficiency. Dr. Dawson has wisely called him "The Unavoidable Christ." You may not know him, but you cannot ignore the multitude of facts that bear the print of his hand. Every time you date a letter you acknowledge his birth as the pivot on which the centuries swing. You may deny him, but you cannot deny the potency of his name. You may rebel against him, but you cannot disregard his ethical commandments. You may hate him, but you must daily accept blessings from his hand. His freedom is manifest in our civic liberties, his democracy in our educational system, his charity in our benevolent institutions, his purity in our homes. His code is acknowledged as the highest moral standard; his character, inexplicably perfect, is the supreme ethical ideal. All these master men not completely, but increasingly with a power that marks a vigorous life.

His will is the determining factor in millions of lives, and through them it is molding the social facts and writing history. Napoleon has said, "He is the Emperor of Love, and to-night millions would die for him." What is more effective, millions are living for him. Jean Paul Richter said, "With his pierced hands this crucified Jew has rased empires from their foundations and turned the streams of history into other channels." This is not the deed of a kind of spiritual Hercules, more noble than his prototype, but not less mythical. The rising enlightenment has left the heroes of ancient myths in the shadows of humanity's morning, but in the midst of its brilliance the Christ sweeps out into vast affairs, to far-reaching and various conquest. In one of his splendid bursts of eloquence Bishop Fowler painted the picture of some of the Hebrew giants of soul: Noah, facing a laughing world because he heard God; Abraham, pushing out into unknown trails because he believed God; Elijah, daring the hosts of Baal because he knew God. All these he crowned with his matchless oratory, but after each laureled portrait he cried with

that voice that made men see, "But he was only a barefoot boy running in the hot sands before the chariot of the coming King." The royal procession of Jesus along the roads of life concludes some power in him more than human.

All who think of him seriously are thrilled with the strange consciousness that he is alive. Not that he lives in some distant sphere or separate state of consciousness, but that he moves among us. In the sudden paralysis of Calvary's tragedy his disciples did think for a time that their Master was finally dead and that all their high hopes must be buried with him. Then something happened. These panic-stricken peasants came out of their locked room and went down the hostile streets of Jerusalem and through Judæa and out across the world proclaiming that their King was not dead, but alive, and that they had seen him. Very strangely that belief has never been dissipated. Rather, it has spread throughout the world. Some have believed because of the historic evidences; more have been convinced by the dynamic proof of his presence in the affairs of the

world; more still have had certain vital contacts with him in the secret places of their own souls. But the multitudes, in one way or another, by some mighty compulsion have believed the incredible. Out from that upper room came the glad cry, "He is risen!" and more than half a hundred generations since have sent back the response, "He is risen, indeed!"

He lives. Monuments are built to dead heroes, saints, and sages. No one thinks of rearing a marble shaft to Jesus. He lives. Men may academically deny his resurrection, but out from such negation comes no hopeful philosophy, no inspiring literature, no rich art, no gospel. No great reforms, no spiritual transformations, no worthy and compelling ideals, no high and tender hopes spring from the handful of dust that was the Galilæan. All such holy accomplishment finds its birth in the risen Christ. Peter's dilemma is the perplexity of the race: "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!" We do not need to go back to the garden of Easter to prove the resurrection. Its results throng us on every hand. We cannot escape

them or their logic. The unique life of Jesus manifest in to-day's affairs shows that he is alive in such a fashion as the resurrection implies.

We have become so used to Jesus that we are apt to miss the wonder of him. When we stop to realize that our mightiest creeds, our loftiest ideals, and our most precious experiences are gathered about him as their living center, then do we see how marvelous he is. When we think of Jesus' strange claims and the world's stranger acceptance of them, of his futile methods and their impossible success, of his flawless character and cosmopolitan and timeless wisdom, we are ready to say with the guileless Israelite, "Thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of men." But only as we bow before him and make our vows of trust and loyalty with our hands between his pierced palms, do we feel the personal touch of the deathless Christ and find the secret of Christian assurance in "knowing Him whom we have believed," the Miraculous Person.

IV

THE MAN FROM NAZARETH

I BELIEVE profoundly in the deity of the Lord Jesus Christ. But that august creed is far from being clearly defined in my mind. It is like an angle that extends to infinite inclusions. It is hardly true that I hold this belief. Rather, it holds me with a kind of mighty logical compulsion. It stands in my thought as the only alternative to the total rejection of the fact of Jesus. For I lack the mental ingenuity that might enable me to include in my gospel the elements that constitute Jesus the Son of man and at the same time exclude those that determine him to be the Son of God. The revelation of "The Very Man" reveals as well "The Very God."

Besides, I discover in myself a compulsion of need. I am a Christian because I am as deeply willing to trust the perfect authority and the eternal adequacy of the Son of God as I am eager to find comfort in the sympathy, inspiration in the example, and joy in the comradeship of the Elder Brother of

men. Moreover, there is in me an imperative and intuitive demand that these helps be found reenforcing each other in the same person. The faith of Browning, robust in intellectual vigor, states this problem and its solution in "Saul." David is trying to struggle with the mighty Saul up out of the pit of black despair into which Israel's king had fallen. So he sings of life and its happiness and its glory, and not without a measure of success. But at the last his wit and wisdom fail him. Then he turns passionately to the infinite God.

"Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—
so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost
crown—
And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in."

But even Infinite Love cannot save Saul, although he cannot be saved without it. The king must see for himself that the Divine Lover enters into his experience, the common human experience, of weakness and suffering, and so comes within the reach of his human love. It is not enough that God's love grip

man. Man's love must also grip God. So the shepherd singer cries:

"It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power that exists with and for it of being Beloved!
He who did most shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of a new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

Jesus Christ, Son of God and Son of man, crowned in the glory and the might of the Lord of hosts and yet robed in the dusty, warm humanity of the Man of Galilee, so fully meets Saul's uttermost need, and mine, that I am persuaded that I have not made unto myself an incredible man-god, but that I have found Emmanuel.

Certainly, this satisfying faith involves a mystery, a thing insufferable to self-sufficient thinkers. But what simplest word of the

most ordinary creed of our everyday lives does not open before our blind eyes the gates of the Infinite? Only the most primitive philosopher is unaware of the insoluble problems that throng the sweep of his hands. The initial declaration of the mingling of the Divine and the human in the Master carries the whole matter obviously beyond our mental reach. But who can comprehend the interwrought material and spiritual phenomena of his own experience? Or who can explain the simplest interactions of force and matter or satisfactorily define either that which seems to move or that which seems to be moved? For all our science is based upon a faith too profound for ordered demonstration.

Nor is it necessary that we reduce this glad belief concerning Jesus to a syllogism. Our soul outruns our slow-paced reason and calls back from the heights, "I am acquainted with Him whom I have believed," and is satisfied. The calm philosophical statement of John, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," cannot restrain the surging Amen of his soul that bursts into a sudden rapture,

"And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father." The imperial arrogance of reason demanding formal proofs becomes petty impertinence to people who see.

All this I steadfastly believe. But here the emphasis is placed upon the manhood of Jesus. Nor in this am I missing the way Jesus marked, for ever he was pushing his deity back and thrusting his humanity upon the attention of men. Nor has this stress anything in it of the plan of art. It is full of the unconsciousness of truth. He enters simply and abundantly into the experiences of men. The composite story of his life is so unstudied that it becomes an almost colorless medium through which we see him, winsome with unpretended brotherliness, moving along the ways of the land that he made holy. The cradle at Bethlehem, the saw and the hammer at Nazareth, the hunger in the wilderness, and the weariness at Jacob's Well, the longing for comradeship in Gethsemane, and the cry, "I thirst," on Calvary, spell out in deeds the words that Pilate spoke, "Behold, the man!" He was "very man."

Moreover, let us be forever glad that he did not choose to be human in a kind of detached fashion, a King of kings, a Sage of sages, a Saint of saints, exalted in the accidents of life and dazzling those who would honor him into a distant adoration by every now and then drawing back the robe of his flesh a bit that the divinity of him might be seen shining beneath. On the blessed contrary, he ever mingles with the crowd who do not fear to throng him. He will be down among men touching shoulders with them in the dusty affairs of their lives, drawing the children around his knees, and bringing to all in the homeliest fashion rest and encouragement and vision and life. He dominates men not because he is so far above them, but because he is so near to them.

The heart of His message beat in terms that men understood. To his closest friends he was supremely "The Man." The great task was just to fall into step with him. "Whosoever puts his confidence in him shall be saved," said they in munificent phrase. With unconscious splendor, this simple brotherhood took for their work the establishment

of their Leader's world-wide kingdom. They had almost no conception of the difficulty of the task or of its far-reaching glory. It was sufficient that he wished it who was their leader. But his prophetic cry, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," was more to them than a rallying cry. They felt in it the measureless yearning of his humanity for the complete brotherhood. So it gripped their hearts. In parable and in miracle, in wayside conversation and in friendly meal, these men discovered in him and wonderfully revealed to us that subtle allurement which drew men into the common touch even while their reverence grew larger.

And so we find him, and so we dare to walk with him in the simplicities of life. And so we are very glad! We bow in a hushed and humbled reverence before the Most High seated on the circle of the heavens, and suddenly our worship blooms into a warm and fragrant joy as we discover God's eternal glory in the homely shining of the Carpenter.

Jesus is truly human and in a magnificent

fashion. His soul must have for its expression a body beautiful and massive. It is a great pity that the first painters of him who fixed the type for his portraits had not been rugged Scandinavians instead of slender Italians. Then our thought of the Master would have been colored, not by the graceful, effeminate sweetness of Raphael, but by the mighty brawn and patience of Thorwaldsen. The result must have been a more masculine Christianity, a greater power in the Church of God.

Such a conception would be far truer to the person of the Man. He must have been of magnificent physical proportions. That is intimated by every detail of his life story. The holy motherhood itself would imply somewhat of physical perfectness in Mary. And such a conclusion would be supported by her steadfast courage and her mastery of situations as indicated again and again in the Gospels. Royal blood and generations of peasant life were joined in the physical heritage of Jesus. The Galilæan hills, the playground of his youth, could not but put strength into his limbs and expand his chest. His work

as a carpenter brought him much into the open air; the handling of the rude tools developed bone and brawn; the purity and sanity of his life could issue only in an abounding and mastered vitality.

He must have been brawny, for the work of his ministry was not for a delicate man. That struggle in the wilderness, where the storm of heart and soul so beat upon him that he forgot to eat, would try a strong man to the utmost. Other men have, indeed, endured as long an abstinence, but what other fought so mighty a battle while he fasted and at the end came forth so kingly strong as to immediately command the allegiance of a stiff-necked, hard-hitting tribe like those peasants of Galilee?

Equally conclusive of his physical perfectness are the toils and the strains of the three-years' ministry. The continual travel, the hard and irregular fare, the outpouring of his personality in the healing of disease, the steady pull of the world's misery at his heart, the stress of ever trying to tell forth to those who were dull of understanding and slow of belief the saving truth that throbbed within

him until his heart was near to bursting—all these fought so terribly against the strength and the endurance of the Carpenter that only the most vigorous body could have borne the burden of his task.

At the end of these years of constant struggle came the last week as a climax of labor and turmoil. In every way these last days contained the superlatives of his life. In them he summoned to a last desperate stand the waning hope that the nation would still receive its Messiah. How bitterly pathetic was his triumphant entry when, even under the gloom of the cross, he hoped impossibly that the hosannas would not turn to "Crucify him! Crucify him!" Now, too, he delivered those heroic frontal attacks upon his most powerful enemies. In conversation and exhortation, in parable and overwhelming question and answer, he forced them to an immediate choice of alternatives. They must accept the message or kill the prophet. What dynamite of flesh and soul must have been behind those words that sent the officers back to the Pharisees without their prisoner, saying, "Never man spake like this

man." Could a frail ascetic, weakened with long labor, compel the flight of those greedy robbers in the temple courts? Could a man trembling with physical exhaustion so hold the allegiance of the crowd—fickle enough, as it proved—that his enemies must seek out his rendezvous and take him secretly before the dawn? If we forgot all else, we would thrill with the highest admiration at the sight of this Galilæan Peasant defying to their very teeth the mightiest men of the nation, and for a whole week going about unscathed. What a gladiator of God Jesus was!

Nor were the quiet hours of the week when he gave the last profound counsels to his disciples much less exhausting. The brotherhood of toil and danger and high purpose was so close and vital: these men leaned upon him so hard, they would miss him so much, he loved them so! Such wolfish enemies were about them, such stormy responsibilities were to be laid on their shoulders, such persecutions and deaths awaited them, that he, looking ahead, must have bent under the strain of it all. The last hours with them

were infinitely precious. They must be crowded with the right words spoken in the wisest fashion. There was so much that the apostles did not understand, so much they understood amiss. They knew so little of the fury of the storm about to break upon them. He must not through any relaxation fail in these last teachings. What tense hours they were for him! Altogether, it was a week of typhoons and tidal waves. But the strong hand and the clear eye and the steady nerves of the Pilot of Galilee failed not.

Then came the night of defeat. With the last reserves of his strength he kept the solemn, prophetic passover; he instituted the new memorial rite; he uttered that wonderful valedictory for the apostles and for all generations. At that hour too he made bitter acknowledgment that Judas was lost, and that, for a little time, Peter would fail him. Afterward the tempest that made Gethsemane the abiding symbol of heartbreak smote upon him hour after hour. Upon its waning thunder followed the harsh injustice of the trials, the mockery of Herod, the scourging,

the thorn-coronation, the changed shouts of the blind, forgetful people. Through it all he bore himself like a man strong in self-mastery. There was neither panic of the flesh nor involuntary cry for mercy.

The last vestige of his strength gone, he fainted, indeed, under the cross. So we are forever sure that he fought the battle with the strength of a man and not with the infinite endurance of God. His patience and courage we will forget for the moment. But could any except the most perfect body express such a high soul in toil and pain and endurance to the end? Surely, that artist whose "Descent from the Cross" shows the Imperial Sufferer a man of broad shoulders and sturdy limbs and kingly height is more nearly true in his portraiture than are those who appeal to our pity more than to our admiration by painting Jesus a man of delicate form and well-nigh womanly grace. Had stalwart Saul returned in the flesh to his kingdom when the dawn of the gospel was breaking among its hills, he would have found Jesus looking with level eyes into his own.

But the full proof of manhood is not found in stature. That abides in mind and heart and soul. Isaac Watts, almost dwarfish in body, very quaintly spoke the word which he, himself, so well illustrated:

> "Could I reach from pole to pole,
> Or hold the ocean in my span,
> I must be measured by the soul;
> The mind's the measure of the man."

We would be disappointed if we found that this Man of men were not great in stature. But our disappointment would be a thousandfold more bitter than that of Samuel when he saw Saul's petty soul mocking his kingly height if we were to find that Jesus, being noble without, were insignificant within. This, however, is a fanciful fear. For when we hear his words and see his deeds and touch his life, then even the massive beauty of his body is forgotten in the splendor of his soul. Twenty centuries agree with Pilate's verdict, "I find no fault in him," and with that other utterance of the Roman governor, profounder than he knew, "Behold, the man." There appears no flaw in Jesus. We cannot imagine him changed save for the worse.

His humanity is so obvious that we begin to measure him after the fashion of a man. For, after all, there are but three rooms in life, and in them we all live nobly or ignobly as we will. There are the workshop, where deeds are wrought, the quiet chamber, where we think and dream, and the homely living room, where we meet one another. As a man shows himself in these three rooms, so is he. We discover Jesus, the doer, in his miracles; Jesus, the thinker, we find in his parables; we come to know Jesus, the comrade, in his daily contacts with men. The units and terms of this measuring and weighing of Jesus are certainly inadequate; but the method is right and the results correct as far as we are able to go.

This, further, is true and relevant. With Jesus, as with us all, the real worth of deed and word and human touch is in their channel values, what they carry of ourselves. If back of them there is no thoughtfulness of mind, no fervency of heart, no sincerity of soul, then they are no more than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. But if there abide behind them true worthiness, then in

word and in deed and in the silent pull of character and life there will be a rich and resonant music to stir the hearts of those who hear to loftier aspiration and to nobler living. If Jesus's manhood be truly of supreme worth, his fullness must surge along these channels to meet the needs of men.

What a study is here! The implications of Jesus are infinite. Agassiz spent a summer going over his backyard on his hands and knees discovering new worlds. So, again and again, we may return to a single incident in the Master's life poring over it microscopically, and ever with the explorer's joy. Other whole biographies become exhausted and are laid aside. The very trifles in the story of Jesus are inexhaustible. They offer to every generation wide, unexplored spaces which include seas and continents of throbbing truth. That is one reason for the continuance of the preaching function and of the churchgoing habit. But, however fascinating this incidental and particular study may be, there remains the need for the wide-angled view of the Master and of his life that shall include the massed might of his miracles,

the interwrought wisdom of his parables, and the whole warm allurement of his comradeship. So can we comprehensively measure the Man.

The fact that Jesus wrought miracles has long ago lost its wonder to me. They are but the chips of his workshop when we consider them in terms of power. If our philosophy discovers in this world of beating life nothing more than mechanics and can speak only of law and force, there may be in it no place for the miraculous. But if personal will be the immanent dynamic, then the only difference between the natural and the miraculous as a matter of accomplishment is in the method. The one is God's usual way, the other his unusual way of doing things.

When we think of the use of miracles and remember the responsibility and freedom of man and the moral interests of God, the unusual deeds of Jesus become the startling exclamation marks of the good tidings. The trifles of everyday are, indeed, ready to break into the utterance of divine truth at a touch. There are "sermons in stones, books in running brooks."

"Earth is crammed with heaven
And every common bush is on fire with God;
But only those who see take off their shoes."

And those who see are so few, prophet-souls who stand alone and cry great messages to the multitudes. But the shifting, curious, and often angry crowds, their senses dulled by the constant repetition of the commonplace, "stand around and pluck blackberries." They are so familiar with the surface of life that they are incredulous concerning any unlearned deeper facts. "They seeing, see not, and hearing, they hear not, neither do they understand." A miracle in the common things of such lives surprises into an alertness that may perceive the deeper spiritual word travailing to be understood. Through the monotonous voices of the ordinary, wonderful but unheeded, the extraordinary of the Master breaks keenly with the reveille of redemption.

Nor can these deeds be judged apart from Him who did them. It is not surprising that Jesus could work wonders. Had he been able with no more than the power common to men, there would have been cause for

marveling. For, in such a case, we would be face to face with the incredible union of an unmarred wisdom, a perfect purity, an infinite compassion, on the one hand, and, on the other, the creeping knowledge and the clinging might of an infant race. So would he be, not the full-orbed Master of the ages, but an inexplicable creature with head and heart of gold and hands and feet of clay. Why should not the Master be as strong without as within, as dominant in the passing material as in the abiding spiritual? And why should God always do as he usually does? Is he to be bound by the habits of one moment out of his eternities, of one tiny sphere in his far-flung universe? Why should not his perfect Revealer use to challenge our attention to the evangel whatever trumpet seemed best fitted to catch our ear? Since we are children, why should he not spell out his message for us in vivid pictures and in words of one syllable? Miracles are possible with the Omnipotent; they are fitted to the Messenger, to the message, and to the peculiarities of human needs.

Not at the deeds of Christ, then, but at the

fashion in which he did them, we all may well wonder. Like symbols, their significance lies not in themselves but in what they tell of him who wrought them. Always his miracles were unselfish. He was often hungry, but he never changed stones into loaves or multiplied fishes for his need. Rather, he was willing to bear the shameful imputation of charity. He was many times wearied on the long, gray road, but never by any miracle did he restore his strength or shorten the way. It was so like him, that only the call of a sinning, hungry soul could rouse him from the utter weariness that stopped his dragging feet at Jacob's Well. When the great danger hung over him he declared that legions of angels waited his call. But they waited in vain. When some called him an impostor and challenged him to the proof by one sign, he would not vindicate himself, but shut his power in. Even at the last he would not come down from the cross nor lessen its torture one whit lest there be a stain on his selflessness.

No excuse that it was the Saviour's privilege to use his power for his own protection

or that its judicious exercise in such manner would increase his usefulness, or that his manifest superiority to the forces of evil would enhance the respect of the world for his teaching, could deceive him into avoiding one featherweight of the common burden of his times or of his task. He became flesh.

Moreover, he was free from that secondary selfishness that is common among the leaders of men. He had no spoils of office to bestow upon his special friends. He gave no largess even to those who followed him through all hardship and persecution, and were to follow unto death. He promised rewards in heaven, but, although he had power to give rich wages on earth, he would not. With but two exceptions, both on the Galilæan lake and, probably, little needed by such sturdy oarsmen, he wrought no miracle for the special benefit of his apostles. He knew he could not teach them his own unselfishness by such indulgence. When the mother of two in the inner circle came asking high place for her sons, he dismissed the request as of little importance, but sublimely promised them a part in the fellowship of his

sufferings. And when Peter came saying, "Master, what shall we receive, we who have left all for thee?" he answered with a tenderly humorous irony of the impossible, "Why, Peter, ten thousand per cent on your investment in every way—with persecutions."

But for the blind and for the maimed and for lepers crying with bitter voices, "Unclean! Unclean!" and for outcasts and an unnamed widow and an alien woman, for despised beggars and men possessed of devils, and for a captain in the oppressor's army, and even for one of the mob who came to murder him, he poured out his power without stint. For himself, nothing; for his close friends, very little; for strangers and for those who could never repay, such an abundance of starry deeds that their distinction is lost in a blessed Milky Way of compassionate healing.

How human was Jesus in the quality of his selflessness! For we all, sometimes, are truly selfless. We sing a strain now and again in the key of the Master. Therefore we are able to understand this fashion of life. But how unique he was in the degree of his

unselfishness! With him it was not an occasional note or phrase, but the inclusive melody of his life. It was not a mere gleam or a broken reflection, but a constant and perfect sunshine.

We are ashamed when we think how far off we follow our Lord in this selflessness. It is true that we readily condemn that gross greediness that transgresses our conventional manners. We somewhat vaguely arraign the savage clutching after honor and power that fills the horrible, hollow places under thrones with iron-shattered dead men. We are beginning to detect a moral opiate in modern commerce that changes kind men in residence into wholesale murderers in absentia. The subtler selfishness that wears pharisaic robes of comparison, giving thanks that it is not so bad as some; that draws lines of money-caste and loves pedigrees, forgetting that we are all the offspring of God; that exaggerates the duty of caring for its own, thereby compounding a sovereign salve for a hurt conscience; that, with the gift, bargains shrewdly for the blessings due the giver, emulating Jacob—this cultured self-

love we are sometimes able to perceive in other people. We war murderously, we traffic greedily, we bawl our national anthems in a frenzy of pewter patriotism, more concerned about our material prosperity than the accomplishment of our world-mission; we seat our friends at our tables and ourselves in due turn at their boards, smiling a bit uncomfortably at times over the advice of a certain Peasant to the effect that we have for our guests the poor and the maimed and the blind and the destitute. For these, we have institutions where they are cared for cheaply and scientifically and efficiently, and, above all, in such a fashion as will prevent any interference with our happiness by the obtrusion of contrasting fortunes. What curtains of explanation we hang between the Master and these "least brethren" of his! Only now and then the breath of the Spirit lifts the corners a little, and then how hastily we run to fasten them down more securely!

We worship the Carpenter of mean, little Nazareth in ornate churches. We are aided in our praises by deep-toned organs and mellow-voiced choirs. Able preachers play

upon our emotions with dulcet oratory until our heartstrings sing with æolian music. Then, when we have sufficiently pampered our æsthetic selfishness, we go to our pleasant homes feeling delightfully religious. Afterward the great doors are closed and the costly piles are left to edify with their splendid architecture, Gothic or Roman or Norman, the restless multitudes that cry for food and justice and cheer and comradeship. Did not the Master once say a word about the father whose son asked for bread and received a stone?

Music and oratory and architecture have their values, but are worse than worthless as substitutes for that plain brotherliness of Jesus in which the gift is measured by what the giver has left. How our princely benefactors would shrink if weighed in such a scale! And how many humble folk would find themselves crowned for the love and sacrifice bound up in their little gifts of money and of service! For there are not a few who are walking along the Inasmuch Road with a strange and tender glory in their faces. There are others who are learning

slowly, yet learning, that losing is saving in life matters. And the Man is very patient with us. Yet in spite of these for whom we thank God, when we consider this vast, interlaced, clinging web of world-selfishness, we wonder far more than at any miracle of his that Jesus moved among men unhindered by any cord of self-love.

But this altruism of Jesus is no greater marvel than is the simplicity with which he did his mightiest deeds. How sharply that stands out against the ordinary habits of men! For we are fond of doing great things in ostentatious ways. Laws are engrossed in brave, black characters and are so burdened with labyrinthine phraseology that simple folk must hire one to interpret. Corner stones are laid with much acclaim and buildings are dedicated with ceremonial display. The young men who graduate from our higher schools must have the fact certified upon choice parchment delivered into their hands with sonorous words. To scholars is given the privilege to dignify their persons with odd caps and gorgeous robes and to honor their cognomens with talismanic

initials behind and full names before. Fraternities have resounding titles for their organizations and for the officers thereof. Kings must be crowned with much pomp, and Presidents inaugurated with high display. Great events must be removed from the humdrum of everyday and made notable in trappings of glory. None need find fault with all this, for we all, as opportunity affords, go and do likewise. It is not wise to cry, "Sour grapes," at dignities beyond our reach. Ostentation is just our childlike, human way.

But Jesus was different. When he wrought deeds of surpassing wonder, he placed about them no more ceremony than we grant to the routine of the most ordinary day. He gave a sudden glory of sight to one born blind; he opened deaf ears to the many-toned music of the singing world; his touch made the loathsome flesh of the leper as sweet and firm as that of a barefoot boy; his hands multiplied the loaves for a wondering multitude; his word startled the dead so that they lifted their weary lids and spoke. Yet he did it all as simply as we direct an inquirer with

pointed finger and brief sentence, or wash the face of a child, or set food before a hungry friend, or say a word of cheer to a tired man.

John, after years of meditation, places the raising of Lazarus at the climax of Jesus's miracles. The brother of Mary was the Master's friend; he had been dead four days; many critical Jews were present. Moreover, Jesus had obviously purposed that this should be a conclusive sign, since he waited after he heard of Lazarus' sickness until his friend had been some time dead.

Yet how simple was the whole wonderful outputting of power! Just a word of prayer, quiet as a petition for daily bread, a simple command to those who stood by, "Roll ye away the stone;" then came that dominant utterance so strangely like the creative speech of God. Only this was the word of a friend, simple, hearty, expectant—"Lazarus, come forth!" Outside the tomb waited the commonplace day, white with the glare of the sun. The awed silence of the little group was cut across sharply with the cry of a bird and accentuated by the distant call of a plowman. Within, there was cool darkness,

then a stir, a misty shape, a white form stooping through the low door, and "Lazarus came forth." With the same simplicity Jesus might have stopped before his friend's house in the village and called him forth for a word of greeting.

This was the ordinary way of the Man. Just a word, the laying on of strong hands, the touch of a garment hem, a washing in the Siloam pool, a mere declaration of fact, "Thy son liveth," and the marvels were done. His baptism for the mighty task, his conflict in the wilderness for the saving of a race, his call of the twelve to a matchless apostleship, the institution of the memorial rite that should outlive the centuries, his sweetly reasonable defiance of Pilate, his agony in the garden, his death on Calvary, and his resurrection, with its wondrous, age-long joy, were all so free from high ceremony that even its absence is not suggested.

This is very different from our custom, and yet it is fundamentally human. We bedizen the things we think are great with cloth of gold and blare of horns only because we are immature and self-conscious. When, rising

to the supreme moments of life, we forget ourselves, then do we approach the simplicity of Jesus. The deep promise of love, the deeds of heroic sacrifice, the handclasp of unutterable sympathy, the last words at the edge of life, the tears at the graveside, all have about them a simplicity that makes our most elaborate ceremonies tawdry and insignificant. So comes Jesus directly into the presence chamber of the soul with a message of eternal life. No gold-laced robes or labored speech could be appropriate to his tidings or to him or to us who supremely welcome God. All must be as unadorned as light. Because the tidal meanings of his deeds swept him away from all thought of form he was able to do them simply. But our wonder is not less.

In His words no less than in his life does the Man stand forth preeminent. True, the world has never been without its teachers. The Book of the Dead, studied beside the generous Nile; the Code of Hammurabi, reverenced in high-walled Babylon; the Vedas, honored in mystic India; the terse, ossifying wisdom of Confucius; the mighty

struggle of Job after the truth hid in a bitter life; the keen questions of Socrates; the noble maxims of Aurelius are treasures in the world's coffers for which we owe the givers many thanks. These messages differ much among themselves, yet they all may be put in one group over against the teaching of Jesus. His gospel in its essential elements is farther from them all than they are from one another. The Teacher of Galilee stands alone.

As with his deeds, so with his words—their uniqueness lies not so much in what he said as in the manner of his utterance. Three qualities of truth that we are apt to minimize he emphasizes. Our philosophies ordinarily expand into vacuous abstractions. They draw away from the tangible fact to the imponderable principle, from the thing we see to the truth we hold uncertainly by its symbol. To be of use the solid values in them must be precipitated. And this condensation is a delicate and difficult task. It requires that the one who makes the application be wiser than he who evolves the philosophy, for it is ever easier to propound

a general principle than to make it aptly fit the particular instance.

Jesus begins by making his philosophy particular and intensely concrete. He has left to theologians the vastly easier task of expansion. Other teachers adumbrate common truths until they appear like "trees walking," but when he speaks, we "see all things clearly." His words are so vitally concrete that when a man comes into contact with one of them he is startled wide awake by the solidity of it and is gripped by the life in it. It becomes almost an axiom in its compelling obviousness.

Though all Jesus's teaching possesses this quality, it is found in the most marked degree in his parables. When he would teach the eternal value of character and life content, he told about ten girls waiting for the wedding procession to arrive. As the silent hours passed, drowsiness pressed down upon them and they all slept. Suddenly—for all life tests come suddenly—the cry arose, "The bridegroom cometh." Five of the virgins were prepared, but the others found themselves shut out from the festivities for their

fatal unreadiness. We may seek all we please to excuse the careless girls, we may weep with them as they plead,

> "Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet!
> O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet;
> O let us in, O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet."

But we must see that the Teacher, tenderly piteous, has set forth in vivid concreteness the bitter law of the closed door.

When he desires to reveal the simple worth and the universal quality of ordinary neighborliness, he tells of a despised Samaritan who had mercy in a most practical fashion upon a robbed and beaten Jew heartlessly passed by on the part of his own countrymen. Therein is ample illustration and authority for all our complicated endeavors at social service. From that breach in caste walls may well come forth the philosophy of internationalism. It is the creed of every Abou Ben Adhem, "who loves his fellow men." None can ever measure what the world owes to that unnamed wayfarer who made the road down to Jericho an age-reverenced shrine of blessed pity.

When he would place the untarnished gold of the spiritual over against the superficial glitter of the material, he draws with a few deft strokes a rich man feasting while a beggar lies at his door half dead. The one fares sumptuously and lolls at his dainty ease. The other feeds on broken leavings, and only by the pity of the dogs are his wounds cleansed. Dives is satisfied in his luxury. He "has his good things" and rests content therewith. Lazarus out of his misery gropes after God. With what a graphic sentence Jesus paints the climax! "The angels carry Lazarus into the bosom of Abraham; the rich man died and was buried." What else could be done with him? But, in the farther reach of his life, he in turn becomes the beggar. Still true to the key of his character in his extremity, he can think of no boon save the material, be it so small, even, as a drop of water. His condemnation and the gulf fixed between him and his happiness is found in this, that the things he chose as his good were not worthy and could not abide.

Into that quick, vital sketch is crowded

more truth concerning things and souls and their mutual relations than can be found in many a portly volume of our scholarly abstractions.

In like manner, all the Master's parables bloom with perennial beauty and bear continual fruit of blessing for every generation. This ability to make the general truth vivid with the particular instance, to circumscribe great principles within the narrow limits of objective speech, to so crowd the infinite verities into every day that all common things flash and glow with the profound glories of the Divine mind—this power to crystallize vast philosophies is the sign manual of the Master Teacher. The common people hear him gladly, for he has a clear word for them; yet the sages of all nations bow before the supremacy of his wisdom.

Men are exceedingly slow to appreciate the greatness of the simple. They are apt to insist that weight of thought must involve obscurity of utterance. Not infrequently they make the far more stupid mistake of concluding that obscurity of word implies the very quintessence of wisdom. Much un-

speakable nonsense is palmed off on unthinking folk as profound philosophy and exalted religion under cover of an opaque and voluminous style. But Jesus links with the solid concreteness of his teaching a remarkable simplicity of statement.

He never spoke of things uncommon in his time and his country. The sea with its fish, the fields in their carpet of lilies, a farmer going forth to sow, women busy with household tasks, men engaged in business, the weather signs—such common symbols became the familiar vehicles that carried to his hearers the simple, glad tidings about the fatherly goodness of God and the brotherly kindness of men. His parables, as reading lessons, belong in the third grade; as sermons, they appeal to the most ordinary man; as philosophies, they stand on the very crest of the ranges of thought where the air is free from the dust of words. There is in all the sayings of Jesus the exhilaration of the highland ozone and the far outlook of the mountain peaks. Or they are like the sea. Children may play at its edge and feel vast meanings that they cannot know. Ships may

voyage far out on its deeps. They are as vital as the singing wind of the hills, and in them abide the sublime tides of the sea. The primal simplicities of good and evil, of repentance and faith, of life and death, of the rubbish fires of Gehenna for those who are finally perverse and the sweet countryside of paradise for those who are faithful in well-doing, of love and prayer and forgiveness and service—these formed the warp and the woof of his message to the men of his day. And there is nothing more profound than these. Mountaineers and sailors have solemn depths in their eyes. They are far-visioned and see things hid from other folk. So those who dwell among the simple heights and far distances of Jesus's words come into clear seeing even in the murk of this life and are more and more aware of God.

Men cannot think the simple thoughts of Jesus after him without appreciating more fully the wonders of the common day. They will recognize as never otherwise the sublime worth of ordinary honesty and daily cheerfulness, of impartial courtesy, of humble industry, and of plain common sense. For

them the hidden valleys and the dusty roads, the silence of the hills and the noise of the streets, the laughter of children and the sobbing of men and women will all lay hold upon the unutterably profound. Tennyson so quaintly sings the profoundness of the commonplace:

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies,
> I hold you here, root and all, in my hand;
> Little flower, if I could but understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all
> I should know what God and man is."

The English poet said the word, but the Galilæan Poet said it long before him and flashed into his heart its inspiration.

Nothing startles us more than the emphasis that Jesus places on the inherent and irresistible immortality of truth. Men feel that the verities which they proclaim must be sustained with close-knit logic, enforced with somewhat of compulsion, perpetuated through careful records, promulgated by high enthusiasm. Otherwise, they fear that the truth will not be accepted, or that it will be destroyed, or that it will be forgotten, or that it will remain forever within the narrow

circle which circumscribes its first proclamation. Being but coast-wise voyagers with poor ships and faulty instruments, shut in by fogs and headlands, these precautions, perhaps, are well taken. Our errors, being many, do seriously handicap the truth with which they are mixed. But Jesus never seemed so concerned. He said that seed cast into the ground would grow, first, the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. And he wrought that persuasion into all his work. He spent very little thought on the perpetuation of his message. That power lay in the word itself. Once revealed, nothing can by any chance destroy or imprison truth. So the Teacher's only care was to make the gospel plain.

He never sought audiences, nor did he keep his greatest sayings for the multitudes that came unsought. Most of his wonderful parables were spoken almost incidentally to the few, whatever hearers were at hand. He seemed most careless about the exact preservation of his words. He wrote no manuscripts, nor did he even suggest that those who heard should hold the words in mind.

He trusted the glad tidings to their own essential fitness and to the ever-present Spirit of Truth. He never questioned what we are so loath to believe—that the soul of man has an indestructible affinity for truth. Therefore, he was not concerned that his message should be recorded, or even remembered. The great burden upon him constantly was that he should be understood. So he became flesh and wrought miracles, and taught and died and rose again from the dead to the end that the sluggish minds and slow hearts of those who saw and heard might perceive and realize the good news. Very significant are those words, "When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth"—as though to enter into truth was the only really necessary thing. Abiding therein he takes for granted. This is the mind of the Master, vividly concrete, profoundly simple, confidently faithful to the overlordship of truth.

Even more kingly than his deeds and his words is his power over men. For things and thoughts are ever less than folks. Whatever he did or uttered was for the sake of his brothers. And how they acknowledged his

kingliness! There was Simon, who afterward found a better name. He heard the Man speak only twice or thrice until he was willing to leave all and to follow him where and to what end he knew not. Simon Peter was impulsive, but James was a very practical, cool-headed man of affairs. Yet, without hesitation, he too left property and occupation to become the disciple of One who had only poverty and hardship and danger to offer. Thomas, through the fog of his pessimism, felt the warmth of the Master's heart and rose up and went after him even unto death. Nicodemus, with his honest pride of learning, sat at the feet of this "Teacher sent of God" and was willing to learn his alphabet again. Afterward he was glad to risk much in order to show to the poor, broken body of this wonderful Galilæan the last tokens of love. Fat Pilate trembled in the Spirit-vibrant presence of this strange, unfearful Carpenter. Thrilled by the sublimity of his death, even the harsh Roman executioner cried out, "Truly this man was the Son of God."

Nor was Jesus's power limited to those

who looked upon his face in the flesh. Out from the ranks of the Jews, in spite of their devotion to the ancient law, came hosts of faithful disciples; from the schools of the Greeks and the proud camps and courts of Rome came forth men to love and worship Jesus and to die for his name's sake. Down the centuries winds the long procession of martyrs who loved him more than life; of missionaries who counted all things but refuse that they might, like Paul, do the task given them and share in the fellowship of his sufferings; of high souls aflame with enthusiasm for the Man and caught by his genius into the seventh heaven of art and music and oratory, into glories of militant righteousness and prophetic statecraft.

The rich and the poor, the baron and the peasant, the scholar and the unlettered man, find their differences grow small in the sacred likeness of their discipleship. He draws all men unto him and teaches them brotherhood through himself to one another. Even nations that have drifted down divergent valleys since the first days of the race are swept together by their unity in him.

They are learning to share the rich freightage gathered on their different roads and are putting the shoulder under each other's burdens. Through their inexplicable devotion to a Jewish peasant crucified two thousand years ago, the men who are shaping the world's history of to-day and giving direction to the centuries that shall be are commanded more and more by him. The Man of Galilee is moving steadily toward the accomplishment of his world-wide kingdom dream.

Nowhere is Jesus's mastery over men more clearly acknowledged than in the tributes he has won from those accounted his enemies. Julian, the Apostate, cried from his field of death, "O thou Galilæan, thou hast conquered." The words find their echo in the lines of Swinburne, who shows that he misunderstands the quality of Jesus, but that he feels his power aright.

> "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilæan,
> The world is growing gray with thy breath."

Renan, in an eloquent appreciation, says, "Whatever surprises the future may hold, Jesus will never be surpassed." Rous-

seau compared the Jewish Teacher with the Greek philosopher in their deaths: "Socrates died like a philosopher; Jesus Christ, like a God." That dominant Jewish statesman, Disraeli, caught a glimpse of his Compatriot's empire and uttered this Hebrew strain of prophecy, "Has not Jesus conquered Europe and changed its name to Christendom? All countries that refuse the cross wither. The time will come when the vast communities of America and Australia will find music in the songs of Zion and solace in the parables of Galilee." Napoleon, that great knower of men, on a quiet, starlit night, came out of the deeps of profound meditation and uttered a sentence wherein lies much of the secret of Jesus's mastership, "Alexander, Charlemagne, and I have founded great empires. But upon what have we built the creations of our genius? Upon sheer force. Jesus, alone, dared to found his empire upon love, and to-night millions would die for him." He is the King of the world.

The mere hint just given of the reason ror His power over men is hardly sufficient. The fact deserves analysis. Three qualities

make Jesus imperial. First, there is his own evident manliness. He was never hard nor reserved, neither ice nor steel. He entered heartily into life as it surged around him with its twisted currents of joy and sorrow. He wept over Jerusalem when he saw the city beloved going in headstrong blindness to its utter destruction. Yet, with true catholicity, he rejoiced over the unexpected faith of an Italian centurion as when one finds a violet in a rocky place. When the little ones came crowding about his knees he straightway forgot grown-up matters and ran back into the summerland of his own childhood. He wakened to a sudden love at the sight of a young man questing the perfect life; he was roused to a blazing indignation by the wicked hypocrisy of those Pharisees who made the sacred robes of the faith they were set to guard the cloak for their iniquity; when he met the weeping widow of Nain his tender heart could not wait even a moment for the hand of resurrection power to touch the bier, but must say at once, "Weep not." He was in no fashion unhuman nor lifted above the many-toned melodies of our

emotions. The music of all men's hearts found echo in his breast.

But in all these things he was masculine. He never whined in self-pity or posed as a martyr. He never effervesced in aimless sentimentalities nor lost his self-control in ebullitions of wrath. Always he maintained perfect poise. Defeat never cast him down nor did victory unduly elate him. When the Jewish zealots came to make him king he stole away from their kindly force. But under the shadow of the cross he spoke calmly of the time when his authority should be proclaimed throughout the world. His untrembling confidence in the ultimate triumph of the cause arose from his assurance that true manliness is the mightiest thing in the world. He knew that a man sent of God to a task must suffer temporary defeat, for the magnitude of the work will be worthy the man. But he never doubted final success, since a man consecrating himself to a God-given task is greater than all events. The gates of hell cannot prevail against him. This double manliness of broad and tender sympathies and of confident poise drew

strong men to him as the magnet draws the steel.

The second element of Jesus's power over men lies in his constant recognition of manliness as their most precious possession. He never pauperizes us by offering something for nothing. True, he comes with his hands full of gifts. He bears away the burden of our guilt, breaks the fetters of sin, and shows us the kindly face of the Father. He strengthens our hearts with the courage of his comradeship and thrills us with the far-blowing winds of eternal life. He gives with marvelous liberality, unbargainingly, with the joy of perfect friendship. But, with never a thought of what he has given, he asks largely. Being forgiven, we must be holy in all our deeds and thoughts; seeing the Father's face, we must offer to him the most perfect service, not for wrath, but for love's sake. Jesus offers us his fellowship, but he ardently desires ours. He lifts on our tasks, but, with unquestioning confidence, he expects us to put our hands beside his own in the redemption of the world. He brings us eternal life, yet the emphasis is not on its privileges, but

upon its responsibilities. He gave himself to save our lives, but the very essence of this salvation is a willingness to lose them for him. It is altogether in harmony with his whole message that the prodigal should feed swine and live on swine food until he came to himself and started back home to begin going right where he began going wrong. One of the ancient Armagh manuscripts gives an added touch to the young man's worthiness by substituting for the softened confession the more rugged word, "I am not fit to be thy slave." The prodigal received forgiveness only when in his heart he was worth redeeming. Jesus insists on manliness.

It is blessedly true that the Master does not judge us and our deserts as the world judges. His measurement of our worthiness is based "Not on the vulgar mass called 'work.' " He goes tenderly and wisely deeper until, in that judgment, each of us is able to say,

> "But all the world's coarse thumb
> And finger failed to plumb,
> So passed in making up the main account;
> All instincts immature,
> All purposes unsure,
> That weighed not as work yet swelled the
> man's amount;

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
  Fancies that broke through language and
    escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
  This, I was worth to God."

But, finally, we can stand upright in sturdy self-respect and say, "This that I have received, this also I have deserved."

His large expectations of service from us emphasizes still further his faith in our manliness. The old legend has it that when Jesus returned to heaven Gabriel met him and asked about the extension of his kingdom. The Man made stately answer: "I told the message to my disciples. They are to tell it to others, and they to still others in their turn. Everyone who hears the word is to send it on until all the world shall hear and believe." But the angel protested: "Suppose some generation of hearers should fail you, and the telling cease? What provision have you made for such a failure?" The wonderful answer came quick: "I have made no provision against the failure of these men. I am depending on them." How can we

disappoint such a trust? And how can we fall below the majestic proportions which he takes for granted in the recorded test of discipleship, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." As steel rings to clashing steel comes back from the men of us, "We will follow thee, Master, whithersoever thou goest."

The third element in this power of his has been thought about and talked about and sung about and leaned on and lived in and died for in such bursting measures through the centuries that the merest reference here will bring all its mellow glories before us, as though one were to say with hand upswung to the color-dappled sky, "See, the sunset!" —that big, obvious man's love that filled the three years of his ministry, and that has been brimming over the world ever since, wins men's hearts to him. We hear much of its tactfulness, of its wisdom, of its tenderness, of its sacrificial devotion. But one quality in it that is not so often emphasized, amazes me. Somehow, without a suspicion of flattery and so quietly that we hardly realize it,

he makes us feel that he sees something so infinitely fine in us that we, by its virtue, become worth redeeming at even the highest cost. The assurance that he counts us precious, that he will be the poorer without us, that he will sadly miss us if we persist in losing ourselves, stirs our self-respect into mighty life. We conclude that, since he thinks so, we must be too good to be wasted. So this seeing love brings us to him, men who have great needs to be supplied and great sins to be forgiven, but who also are thrilling with the splendid, royal joy of possessing something worth the saving and the giving. Such a wonderful love is his!

I remember a very blessed story of a strong, worldly, self-centered man who chanced to see in a friend's private office one day Hofmann's "Boy Christ." He looked wistfully back at it as he passed from the room. After a little time he returned and looked at it again and yet again. Then his friend gave him the key to the office and went out leaving him alone with that luminous face. An hour passed. What those eyes and that face said to him, what unworthy ambitions

were consumed in that quiet room, what new aspirations were born, what seismic readjustments took place in the depths of the man, none can say. But as he went forth, a twice-born man with wisps of angel music entangled in his voice and on his face "the light that never was on sea or land," he uttered that old word that is always so strangely new, "The Boy has conquered."

V

THE FRIENDSHIP ROAD

We have gone far afield and have been thinking, however inadequately, about some spacious themes. Now we come directly to an inquiry that has been with us from the beginning of the quest. It is very commonplace and very profound: "What is the vital heart of a Christian experience?" The answer has been intimated a score of times. The words about man's half-conscious response to the surrounding God and his demand for life-room was its prophecy. The message concerning sin, the atonement, and out-reaching faith gave to the question and to the answer sharper definition. The wondering studies of the Son of God who became the Son of man gathered the interrogation about a Person and intimated that he was the answer. The Friendship Road runs through the answer, as the Master phrases it, to the end of the quest, as simple and as beautiful as a country lane. Hear the

Teacher as he utters the words ever so quietly, "Ye are my friends."

These are marvelous words, but our study of them must have the simplicity of the brook by the way, for the Master is never abstruse. Yet what is said must not be trivial, like the liquid chatter of the stream, for he is always profound. When we are tired of philosophies and theologies, we may leave their tangled thickets and come out into the open where God's stars shine. There, after we wait a bit to catch the beat of the Infinite, we will see the wonderful Christ with his hands stretched out in warm friendliness. In a strange and peaceful fashion, quite beyond intellectual explanation, he will become to us The Way, beside which all other ways are only winding trails beginning and ending nowhere; The Truth, of which all other verities are but broken reflections; The Life, which sweeps oceanic about the time-locked bay of the world. As we put our hands in his in all our tangled work and play, we enter upon the Friendship Road and are satisfied.

Not that theologies are useless. Since the

common consciousness of God and the accumulated knowledge of his ways with men find expression in them, they guide us somewhat into our own mystic experiences. But the science of railway transportation belongs to engineers and conductors, not to the passengers; the science of building is for carpenters, not for those who live in houses; the science of physiology is for physicians, not for common folk who enjoy good health in blissful ignorance of the processes back of it. So the intricacies of theology are for those specially trained and equipped for the task. Common folk must take their doctrines ready made and prove their correctness by their consequences. They must make the venture and justify their daring by the result. And this is Christ's way, for he is ever urging people to seek the experience first and account for it afterward if possible. The peculiar essence of faith lies in the boldness of its leap beyond the known. Jesus did not meet the father's cry for his son, "If thou canst do anything!" with arguments proving his ability. He simply thrust the issue back. "If thou canst! All things are

possible to him that dares." Then he healed the lad and left the father to his logic. The supreme thing is the unspeakable comradeship with the Christ. Afterward, if we desire, we may give attention to its explanation.

Abstractly, we may be interested in the incarnation as a problem to be solved. Practically, we are satisfied to believe that God in Jesus Christ drew near our humanity, entered into our essential experiences, and forever remains one of us. And the warmth and color that come thus into our religious life justifies the venture. In the hour of our surrender we gave little thought to the doctrine of the atonement. We only dared to believe that God for Christ's sake forgave our sins. The deep peace that followed convinced us that we did not believe amiss. We are not greatly concerned about the historical evidences of the resurrection. We venture to believe the story of the empty tomb, and so we enter into a comradeship that is proof enough. The science of theology is never equal to the practice of theology. The flowers of grace and the fruit of the Spirit

are the best proofs of religious truth. And these we find only in the words that Jesus said long ago, "Ye are my friends," and in the answers we have been making each for himself ever since: "Yes, Lord, we are thy friends."

Some sayings are of little consequence. They are like toy magnets that serve merely to pick up tacks or draw tiny ducks across miniature ponds. We are continually wearied with an ephemeral literature, a volatile oratory, a puerile science. But Jesus never says an insignificant thing. Massive, swift power characterizes all his utterances. Every word from his lips has a sudden glory and an irresistible force.

Sometimes one of the Master's phrases gleams like a sword—"Ye whited sepulchers." Sometimes it is redolent with fragrance like a dewy rose—"She loved much." Again it blooms with the lilies of hope—"In my Father's house." Through some of the Teacher's sentences sweeps the virile frankness of a March wind—"If it were not so, I would have told you." Now and then there is wrung from his courageous heart a

cry that throbs with agony—"Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Incidental clauses open wide vistas—"Wheresoever this gospel is preached," and then the imperial parenthesis, "in the whole world." So we are able to sing after such a prophecy,

> "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run;
> His kingdom spread from shore to shore
> Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

Nor is the sentence about friendship with him an exception. On the contrary, it goes beyond most in its weight of significance. So vast and various are its implications that we would need eternity to tell them all. We will need eternity to know them all. What John said so naïvely about the works of Jesus might be literally true of these words and their implications: "If they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books."

Jesus said, "Ye are my friends," so there must be likeness of nature and possibility between the Man and men. We did not think we were so great. But it must be so,

for no friendship can accompany fundamental unlikeness. You may admire a rose for its beauty, and treasure it till its petals are all but dust because of its precious associations, but there can be no friendship between you and the rose. The suggestion is absurd. You are unlike it in nature and possibility.

Such delightful sentiment gathers about a man and his faithful dog that we are tempted to call their mutual liking by the name of friendship. But, if we speak seriously, the word is altogether too rich in its inclusions to indicate the mere corner in man's possible life open to his loyal retainer. They can be called friends only by the grace of colloquial freedom or poetic license. Rip Van Winkle and his dog, Wolf, were comrades of the domestic tribulation and the woodland pleasures. But when, in the cool forest noon, Rip's fancy led him through the "olden, golden glory of the days gone by," with their knightly ambitions and dreams of love, before he became the vagabond husband of a bitter shrew, the hot tears flooded his eyes and his heart ached hard. Meanwhile Wolf

sniffed at a promising burrow or lay snapping flies in a patch of yellow sunshine. The hunter had entered only the fringe of his possibilities, but he had left his dog far behind. They could be comrades in the chase, but never friends. Their differences were too deeply wrought.

Friendship, it is true, is not a matter of equal attainments, but of similar possibilities. The ripe scholar, his mind stored richly and skilled to the last degree, may sustain a satisfying friendship with an illiterate man because they are both thinkers. In the one all the intellectual possibilities are in the bud that have come to full fruitage in the other. The man who has drunk deep of life, who has known the clear wine of its joys and the bitter lees of its tragedies, may enter into a large friendship with a callow youth whose experience includes only hopes and fears and misty dreams. They are alike men of heart, and what one has drunk of joy and sorrow, of success and failure, of wondering hope and bewildered despair, the other may drain to the last drop. A luminous illustration is given by the French master. That tall man

of God, the Bishop, loved Jean Valjean, who was driven by the lacerations of a terrible injustice into a savage hatred of society. Valjean loved the Bishop with a saving veneration. This was possible because each might have been what the other was. Friendship need not be much hindered by difference of degree, but must have a basis of fundamental unity.

Surely, when the Master used the words, "Ye are my friends," he was not ignorant of the meaning involved. He must have perceived the implication of the common nature and the similar destiny. Nor does this make us presumptuous claimants of Deity, nor do we thus deny Christ's infinite oneness with the Father nor his personal unity. But, according to the old creed, which involves a mystery, but which is more credible without explanation than any explanation of the known facts, he who is "very God" is also "very man." The ancient witness of John is that the Word that was God "became flesh." Jesus also thoroughly entangled himself in the web of humanity by the title he chose, "The Son of man." In the clear completeness of

this humanity we strike hands with him in an increasing comradeship of appreciation and hope.

In his perfect humanity he is the consummate flower of the race. We cannot compare him with our ideals because he gave us our ideals. Such comparison would be like saying that the sun is as bright as the sunshine, or that the ocean is as mighty as the tide. He illuminates life with his transcendent holiness and sweeps into our little world with the surging wonder of the infinite. Our friendship with him assuredly signifies this marvel, that the stalwart virtues and tender graces that were actual in his life are nascent in ours. Somewhere in the long march down the ages, here or yonder, we will come to the integrity of life and character that he manifested beforehand when, for a little time, he lived among men visible to their dim eyes. There we will see God's face plainly and live great, spotless lives like his, the Man of Galilee. In the meantime we will remember that we are his friends, men of great expectations, and so we will be held from that which is unbecoming our princeliness, and

so we will be inspired to all high and noble deeds.

This avowal suggests instantly the constant, refluent stream of gifts between the Master and ourselves. For in friendship lie the two finest courtesies of life—a genial giving and a gracious receiving. Nor is one less worthy and delicate than the other. It is easy to give imperfectly, with the icy coldness of duty, the hard obligations of traffic, the patronly condescension of an alms, or the low cunning of a speculation in generosity. But to give beautifully, as freely as the rain that falls alike upon the simple daisy and the fragrant rose, as heartily as the sun that shines with equal warmth upon the basking toad and the iridescent bird of paradise, is a grace possible only to a mature saint of God or to a little child. But to receive is as high and delicate an art. Its qualities slip through the coarse meshes of our speech. We know, however, that much generosity is chilled into selfishness by a harsh or crude recipiency. But now and then when we render a gift, its sweetly gracious reception, full of mingled expectation and

surprise, catches us up into the rapture of the Master's word, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And a high friendship requires both these graces.

Most of all, we are the recipients of Jesus's gifts. His hands overflow with wealth toward us. But it is the courtesy of his giving rather than the abundance of his largess that warms our hearts. Only the profundities of childhood can illustrate its simplicity and its depth. Jimmie, the gamin, has found an apple, big, red-cheeked, without spot or blemish—a rare prize. Billie comes running, frankly asking a share. With no shadow of hesitancy the fruit is held out, and back of it come the words of a perfect giving: "Bite big, Bill. You know you're welcome." So our Friend is always speaking to us: "Come boldly to the throne of grace. You know you are welcome."

We can never ask anything too great, since he laid down his life for our redemption. We can never ask anything too small, for he taught us to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." Neither can we come too often, for he commends to us the importunity

of the woman before the judge and the insistence of the neighbor who would borrow a loaf. It seems sure that prayer is a strategy of love by which the wants of the body and the aspirings of the soul become allurements into his presence, so that he and we, being often together, may become good friends. If this be so, he must be very lonesome after some of us; we come so seldom. Since we are his friends, it is his joy to give largely to us. It is our choice privilege to complete and enrich that joy by receiving his gifts with whatever fine courtesy is possible to us.

But a friendship must be mutual in gifts and service. We must give as well as receive if we would transform the words of Jesus into a vital experience; so, knowing this, the wise Master holds out his empty hands—our opportunity. He does not ask our help needlessly or superficially, as we sometimes turn to children, practicing a kindly deception that they may feel a happy importance. We are indispensable to him and to the accomplishment of his desire. His incarnation, with its infinite surrender, his life, with its wealth of blessing, the unmeasured agony of

the cross, and the ineffable glory of the resurrection, will all avail nothing for the salvation of men except we tell the story and make the dream come true. It is for us to see that the justice and grace of Jesus are wrought into the thought and the enthusiasms, the laws and the customs, the movements and the institutions of the race. He scattered a few seeds of redemption in a little corner of the earth, but, as a friend upon friends, he is depending upon us to sow the successive increase until the whole earth is golden in the abundant harvest of the kingdom of God.

So, in expectant comradeship, he asks large things of us. He is not afraid to manifest an honest egotism, for he is talking to friends. He knows himself to be so great that he insists upon our organizing our whole lives about him as the vital, personal center of word and deed and motive. He would not simply dominate our lives; he would permeate them. Moreover, he looks beyond us to the task, and ever insists that his work is our work. His voice in our souls is not the half-heard strain of an æolian harp, soothing us to a comfortable

slumber, but the keen call of the trumpet, rousing us to desperate endeavor. He gives us much in making our needs and burdens his own; but he asks of us no less, even the fullest measure of self-surrender. This is according to the custom of friendship, and we observe it with Jesus, not as a debt, but because he is our friend.

But one of the sad things of life is that so many of us blunder in this matter of giving to him. Certainly, if our contributions of money and of service be merely a formal thing, a bit of religious manners, then with peaceful conscience we will follow the custom present in time and place. Or, if this be a commercial transaction, we will give as little and get as much as possible. In this way some are adept bargainers if their heavenly expectations fail not. If our giving be a cold duty, a paying of tithes much as we pay rent, then we will make such payment as our conscience requires and be satisfied. But we remember that we are talking about a friendship between the Master and us. So the whole situation is changed. Real friends are never penny-wise among themselves, but,

in a delightful fashion, pound-foolish. They do not dole out in pinches taken reluctantly between the finger and the thumb, but bestow handfuls liberally. What a laughing riot of friendship rings in Paul's sentence, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver!" How can he help it, being a friend himself? Friends delight to be wasteful in generosity, like the woman with the alabaster box of ointment, very precious. The second mile trudged with an enemy is a stern duty; with a friend it becomes a blessed privilege.

And Jesus is our Friend. We cannot be niggardly in our giving of money or time or service, but we may lose sight of him in the process of the gift. We may talk about his needs as church work or civic reform or benevolence. Thus we may lose sight of him in the dim halls of institutionalism. The dust of organization may hide our Friend from our eyes. Rann Kennedy makes a questioner ask "The Servant in the House" why he wears his Oriental robes in England. Sadly he replies, "Otherwise clothed, many would not recognize me." Sir Launfal, shining in his "maiden mail," flung his gold

to the beggar with a lofty generosity and saw only the beggar. But when, a humble and penniless pilgrim taught by long adversity, he broke his crust with one more miserable than himself and gave him to drink from his own wooden bowl in all good comradeship, the Lord Christ was revealed to him. Above the entrance of a certain church the thorn-crowned Christ looks out over a city in which much bitter misery abides. We recognize at a glance the image of the Man of Sympathy cut in the stone. But do we see with equal clearness those other images of him through the tatters of poverty and the lacerations of sin bestowed so carelessly by an unredeemed society? How dim of eyes and slow of heart are Jesus's friends before the wondrous Inasmuch by which the lead of compassionate service rendered the unlovable is transmuted into the gold of a gift to him!

There remains a more subtle and still more wonderful implication in this word of friendship. There is a contagion of disease and a contagion of character. The saloon is a moral pest house. It is as dangerous to enter into fellowship with a profligate as to

dwell with a leper. The fool who says in his heart, "There is no God," fool though he is, may start an epidemic of atheism among his comrades. Every argument that defends the quarantine of a diseased body may with magnified force sustain the segregation of a corrupt soul. The use of antitoxins suggests the need of life-forces that will render character immune to common contagions. Health is infectious, if not of the body, yet certainly of the soul. General Sheridan's dashing gallantry at Cedar Creek spread an epidemic of courage through his demoralized troops. The devotion of Paul has been caught by man after man down the centuries until it has grown into continental infections of missionary zeal. The contagion of Savonarola's righteousness purified Florence. John Wesley's concern about personal holiness has been blown by the winds of God around the world. A stalwart soul breathes an atmosphere of spiritual ozone that exhilarates all who draw near. Being born from above is only catching life from Jesus. The man who comes within the circle of his friendship is inoculated with the germs of high virtue.

He is nobly infected with worthiness. It is inevitable that we become like him when we walk long enough by his side to get acquainted and to see him as he is.

We would never dare to claim the obverse of this influence of Jesus upon us were it not for the undeniable implication of his assertion, "Ye are my friends." The effects of friendship are always reciprocal. If we are changed by our friendship with him, it is certain that he is not left unchanged by his friendship with us. The Son of God might have dwelt alone through the ages, but he would not have been Immanuel. The Messiah might have ruled in solitary authority, but he would not have been our Friend from Nazareth. He not only seemed different because he walked with his disciples and sat with the common folk and took the little children in his arms; he became different. Without the friendship of men Christ would doubtless be perfectly what he would be in such a case; but he would not be perfectly what he is. His experience, his joy, his love, he, himself, finds completeness in our friendship. What a wonder! Our trust,

service, love, our friendship, enters potently into the perfectly fulfilling perfectness of Jesus Christ.

What words of infinite implication they are! "Ye are my friends." What deep likenesses to him they reveal, what vistas of hope they open, what privileges of giving and receiving they include, what vital shaping of character they indicate, and what strange and glorious power they offer us! Withal, how homely and loving and gracious they are!—"Ye are my friends." Yes, Lord, we are thy friends, thy friends.

VI

THE END OF THE QUEST

MAN seeks greatness, and the end of the quest is God. There is the last hope of achieving his possibilities. If God fail him, only despair is left. His body binds him to the little earth; the utmost reach of his mind thrusts him against the rough walls of the unknowable; his heart finds bitter lees at the bottom of every cup of joy. Material goods that are of larger price than value, philosophies that clang emptily like high-sounding cymbals, powers that are as lusty and frail as reeds, are but the cap and bells of the court fool beside the crown of man's aspiring and unquenchable ambitions. They simulate authority in the passing hour of pretension, but when life goes heavily or the quest becomes profound, they are cast aside and forgotten.

Francis Thompson, in his majestic lines, tells vividly what a broken staff every other support is to the man who flees away from God.

"I fled Him down the night and down the days,
I fled Him down the arches of the years,
I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I fled
And shot precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears
From those strong feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurried chase
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a voice beat
More instant than the feet—
'All things betray thee who betrayest Me.'"

Only as a man gathers himself into the spiritual focus can he see the way out. He lifts up his face—it is significant that we think God is above us—his struggling mind, athrill with the sublimity of the task, seizes some projecting crag of the Infinite; his heart, straining like a storm-beaten sail, swells with the gales of a vaster love than it ever knew before. So the whole man, all soul, clings to the feet of God crying, "Time and earth imprison me! Canst Thou make room for me?"

Man demands length of days for the accomplishment of his long purposes and the

fulfillment of his vast expectations. This imperative desire arises from certain deep intuitions and intimates immortality. But in fundamentals we must know; we cannot rest on intimations. They form but a spider web spun from within ourselves and need outer anchorage. Unsupported, they drift on the shifting winds of doubt and fear. At the worst, this philosophy of introspection is a sheer guess, a bitterly flippant "Perhaps." Hardly better, it is an entrancing vision that may be a mirage or may be the oasis of abiding life. It is a beautiful dream called the larger hope, and held desperately as a mother might hold her quiet babe to her bosom, fearing to look in its face lest it be dead. Such dreamers may well pray, "If it be a dream, may we never waken from it, but dream on until we fall asleep forever." At its best, this expectation is a conclusion from incomprehensible premises, attained by man's poor logic. How can a man rest his longing for time enough and for all the hopes that lie therein upon a foundation builded painfully by himself,

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

But the end of the quest is God. When a man fastens the cordage of his inborn hope to Jesus, the Infinite finitely expressed, and with adventuring loyalty accepts his assurance concerning the paradise of God, the joyous harp music from without will gather up the trembling melodies of his own heart's hopes and he will know with a knowledge as serene and steadfast as a mountain peak lifting through the mists that "beyond this life there is another life and in that life some work to do, some tasks to perform." It will not be the conclusion of a syllogism, but the perception of a fact. Logic has its worth, but it can be spared by those who see.

This Christian sense of immortality does not stand by itself. It is involved in a mass of experienced truth. To subtract it from a life linked with God is like taking the sunshine out of a summer day; with its going the whole landscape fades away. The future life is more than a mere extension of years into infinite duration. We are already en-

tered into eternal life. Its timeless ages surge back to this very moment. Like the pipes of a great organ they give resonance to the years that now are. That there are discords is pitifully true. We are not wise enough yet to manage the pipes of eternity well. Or it may be that the minors of wailing here are necessary to the majors of praising there. What else could Paul mean when he says, "These light afflictions . . . shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"?

In the light of this evangel the commonest life becomes a path of gold running through time's sunset into the everlasting dawn. And what a wondrous break of day it is for the man who realizes that for him, even for him, the gates of eternal life swing wide. A vague, vast rapture rushes in upon him with the lift of never-ebbing tides behind. His feet are in the Way—do you wonder Paul called it so?—and the ages belong to him. He has passed the gates of death and of judgment and dwells already in the eternities. He has burst the bars of time and his aspirations and sure expectations are infinite in their reach.

In a very marvelous telescopic fashion the risen Christ has brought the Land of the Beyond out of the haze of intimations and dim, high hopes, and has drawn it so near that it seems to tremble on the verge of sight. The shining of the Great White Throne awes us, the songs of the angel folk enrapture us, the quiet peace of the crystal sea calms our troubled hearts, the wide sweep of the River of Life allures us with its cool, delightful whisperings. When we lift up our souls, we touch a "sweepy garment, vast and white," we hear the soft, quick fall of feet that will never tread our streets again, and, in the night, sometimes, when we are wakeful and the other days drift past, we see

> "Those angel faces smile
> Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile."

For the man who seeks breadth of life, God is the end of the quest. Surely, the Creator is ever greater than the work of his hands, the Thinker than his thoughts. The man who declares himself a citizen of the universe is less than he who holds himself a child of God. The keen scientist is simply searching

out some of God's lesser secrets, his common ways of doing things. "The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament showeth his handiwork." The philosopher seeking after the essential truth builds his lofty rainbows in

> "Wondrous sequence
> Reaching in rare and rarer frequence
> Till the heaven of heavens is circumflexed."

But when he has reared his mightiest arch of thought he can only bow in worshiping awe before the foot that shall emerge

> "From the straining, topmost dark,
> On to the keystone of that arc."

The moralist finds in the rights and the wrongs of life only the broken reflections of the perfectness of God and the shadows that lie between. The philanthropist discovers traces of Godlikeness in broken and marred humanity, and learns that the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind. The final beauty and the ultimate sublimity is in God. The man who thinks much of him will come into large knowledge and fine and catholic appreciations. As he gathers his

life about God he passes from the provincial into the cosmopolitan; he ceases to be planetary and becomes universal.

Brotherhood has been emphasized as the greatest possible opportunity for breadth of life. But Jesus as he reveals God is the supreme teacher of simple brotherliness. This mutual relation occupies the highest place in his practical teachings. We should bear one another's burdens; we should dwell in fellowship; we should love the unlovable because they are his brothers, and ours; we should suffer anything rather than break the bond of brotherhood.

The man who gives this message, reenforced by the Master's devotion, the place it should occupy in his life, cannot escape enlargement. If he will read the Gospels with any degree of attention and honor Jesus with any real sincerity, he will inevitably move toward a warm and broad fraternity. The movements of history will have a new significance to him, for those who gave allegiance to any worthy cause in any land and century will become his comrades in "this holy war." Even those who battled for wrong will still

be brothers, to be blamed, doubtless, but gently, being brothers. Present world movements and the eddies of more ordinary events will be of concern to him, for they all affect some brothers of his for good or ill. All nations will become his neighbors, not only by their modern proximity, which by itself brings to pass nothing more than the urban impersonal cooperation, but in that delightful rural sense which includes a real interest and sympathy in their intimate affairs. His life will be made far broader because he loves men.

Love must precede real knowledge of men. Since through the love he learns from Jesus a man comes into a sturdy affection for his brothers, he enters into a truer and deeper knowledge of them to the enrichment of his own life. In this fashion Simon, the fanatical patriot, came to know and value Matthew, the Roman taxgatherer. After that he could not be so narrowly patriotic. So Saul, the Separatist, learned that the Gentiles were worth saving and became the world-apostle. From John, Thomas, the skeptical, must have caught some assurance of faith, while

it is very possible that the beloved disciple learned from the doubting one something of the stern logic that characterizes the fourth Gospel. So every follower of the Man from Nazareth finds it impossible to abide self-centered in affection or solitary in his knowledge of men.

Every man who enters the comradeship of Jesus is fascinated by the revelation of intrinsic worth in the sinfulest that he opens to his eyes. Peter, the profane, had sufficient reverence latent in his soul, and Thomas enough faith, and fiery John adequate patience to be made apostles. Blind Bartimæus, begging by the dusty road, was worth a miracle; Simon, the hypercritical Pharisee, and Zacchæus, the avaricious publican, were good enough to be his hosts. Even the loose-living Samaritan woman received the personal announcement of his Messiahship and amply justified the Master's keen perception of soul-values. Judas was Jesus's sore disappointment because he might have been such a power in the beginnings of the Kingdom if he had not persisted in wasting the genius that Jesus tried so hard to bind to

himself and to the cause. Michael Angelo looked upon a stained and marred block of marble and cried, "I see an angel in it." So he redeemed the rejected stone into a masterpiece. Jesus teaches the man who walks with him to see princely men and queenly women in his stained and broken brothers and sisters, and he shows his follower how to redeem them into their possible beauty and strength. So the narrow-visioned self-seeker becomes a broad-browed seer of souls and an artist in the redemption of men.

This enlargement of life is winsomely set forth in that tender bit of a story about a Scotch shepherd who for the first time looked at a heather bloom through a microscope. Tears dimmed his sight, and he said softly, half laughing, half crying, "Aye, mon! mon! I didna know they were so bonnie, or I wouldna hae trod on ane o' them." If a man would live a great life, he must see through the eyes of Jesus the hidden values in the lives about him. So will he enter into the breadth of God.

The man who seeks height of life must

find the end of his quest in the fourth dimension of God; for there is a divine altitude that transcends all our human habits of thought. To man standing alone, things must be possible. But once caught in the sweep of God, he must be prepared to assert the impossible. Any discussion of religion, whether in the halls of theology or on the streets of everyday, moves among the mysteries. Those who believe they have a comprehensible scheme of salvation are like little children who fondly imagine they can imprison sunbeams in their chubby hands. Such theologians have mistaken their symbols for facts, their crude illustrative mechanism for the ways of God. And those other folks who insist that commonplace religion is "just the art of being kind" are apparently thinking in a single plane, failing to see how profoundly such an art must be rooted in the mysteries of God.

When we penetrate beneath the surface film of spiritual phenomena we find ourselves in a mass of conceptions and experiences and conclusions so strangely inconsistent that we ask in our bewilderment, "What is truth?"

But for the compulsion of the quest we might lay aside the whole matter. But our demand for room above us with other imperative soul-problems makes it necessary that we shall have, at least, a working hypothesis. So we dare to believe the impossible when it concerns God.

For instance, we ask about the divine nature and find God to be absolute, omnipotent, infinite. But we must assert that man is God-related, morally free, individually personal. What can we do if we hold the faith, but assert a fourth dimension in which contradictions may be harmonized, a kind of spiritual geometry where two facts may occupy the same space at the same time? The poet's contradiction succinctly expressing truth, "All's love; yet all's law," must be a fourth dimensional consistency. The church will not discover a complete theory of the atonement as long as it remains in the three dimensions of the flesh; but the importunate cry of the man who feels the weight of his guilt is for a sin-bearing Saviour and will not be denied. The fact of the atoning sacrifice we receive by faith as a mystery of

God, but the process can be explained only in the terms of the spiritual dimension.

The up-reaching faith and far-visioned hope of the van leaders of the church are rich with promise to us all. Luther caught his glimpse of the fourth dimension of the grace of God when there blazed into his heart as he knelt on the sacred stairway the splendid words of prophet and apostle, "The just shall live by faith." The higher dimensions in the power of the Most High was revealed to Morrison as he stood so ludicrously ineffective at the outer gate of vast, complex, impregnable China. When one asked him, "Do you think you can convert China?" he made reply from a realm alien to his questioner, "I cannot, but God can." "What is impossible with man is possible with God" because the Almighty works in more than three dimensions. David Livingstone gave himself for many years to crucifixion on the cross that his own long trails made in Africa. So he entered into the fourth dimension of joy when he declared: "I have never made a sacrifice for Jesus. It has all been boundless privilege."

The awkwardness of much testimony, the hyperbole and frequent incongruity of Christian song, the clinging grip of intercession as though man had a part in the counsels of the Godhead, the foolishness of faith, the heroic waste of devotion, all glow with a strange inner consistency and worth to those who have seen, now and again, the sudden, lifting glory of the further dimensions of our souls and of our God.

Unlike our simple and superficial natural sciences, the science of the soul demands for its expression the formulas of the incomprehensible. Our religious speech is made up of symbols, a kind of spiritual algebra. The most brilliant figures seem wholly inadquate to our thought when we speak of the deep things. Paul apologizes for his awkwardness by saying, "I speak after the manner of men." When we see the reality back of our rhetoric we are borne down by a sense of our helplessness. Our souls and their experiences are so much vaster than our vocabularies. We know larger things than we can think.

To those who earnestly pursue the quest

for this Holy Grail, earth is increasingly crammed with heaven and every common bush is on fire before the approaching feet of God. They are exalted by unutterable apprehensions of impossible dimensions. They receive unspeakable gifts, enter into worlds of truth that beat about the narrow circle of human science and logic and philosophy. They are continually coming into the life more abundant.

The end of the quest in all things is in God. Beyond him there is nothing more of length or breadth or height. Nor is there satisfaction for the aspirations of man this side of him. "Our hearts were created to thee, O Lord," says Augustine, "and will never rest until they rest in thee." And the continuance of the quest is in God also. For all things lose their significance if God be denied. The problems of life have no answer, or are not worth the solving, if back of them there stand no Teacher giving them to us with boundless wisdom and loving intention. The beginning and the end, the strength and the enthusiasm, the meaning and the fullness of The Quest is God.

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